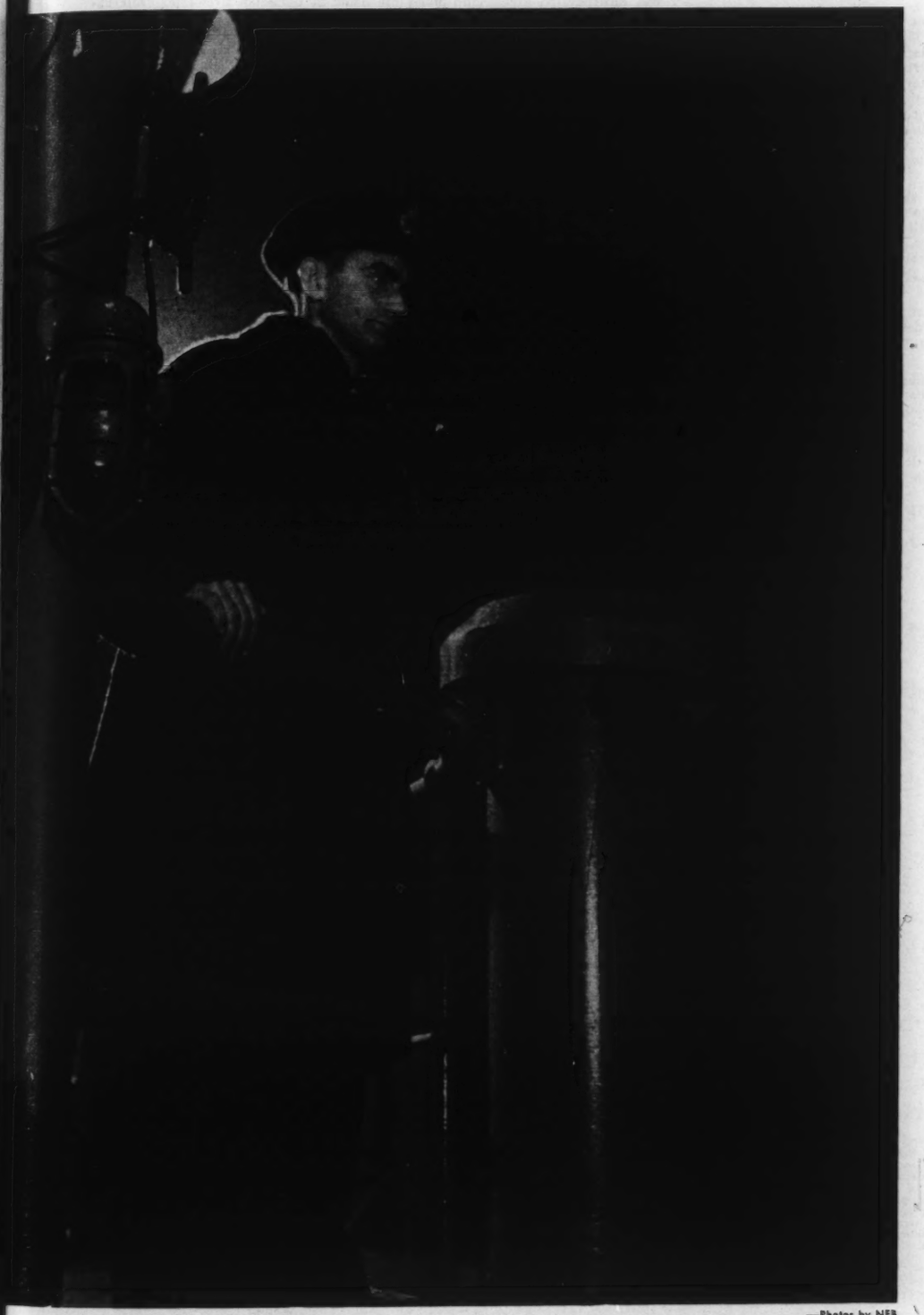
SATURDAY NIGHT

JANUARY 31, 1953 10 CENTS



—Photos by NFB

NIGHT WATCH: Second Mate Bernie d'Eon keeps a lookout on bridge of the weather-ship *Lurcher*.

Manning of Alberta . . . . . Andrew Snaddon
Philosophy Behind the Budget . . . . . J. Harvey Perry

PROFESSIONAL CULTURE: A NEW CAREER

by James Scott

CULTURE in Canada is booming. In the last year, the Canadian Government has spent more money on culture than ever before (chiefly on the Massey Report and associated activities); Canadian publishers printed more books written by Canadians; "creative artists" (mostly radio writers, actors, etc.) made more money; more Canadian professional theatres were in operation; more scholarships for study in Canadian universities were available. The schools had the largest enrolment in the nation's history and the universities, while showing a decline from the days of the DVA-sponsored undergrads, had almost twice the pre-war number of students registered. Poetry showed a decline but TV made up for it.

"I feel," an aging Canadian "culturalist" of my acquaintance said the other day, "that the years I spent working for culture in Canada have at last been justified. I take comfort in knowing that there are now many more workers in our vineyard than when I began."

If organizations are any criterion, my friend should be very comfortable indeed. When the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey and his colleagues were travelling their 10,000 miles around the country and holding their 224 meetings—all in aid of the arts, letters and sciences—they received 462 briefs. About 90 per cent of these were submitted by "voluntary bodies" and "federal agencies", ranging from the Fiddlehead Poetry Society to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Only 46 individual citizens put in briefs and half of these were either acting for institutions (like our universities) or were crackpots whose hobby is presenting briefs or signing petitions.

TO THE LIST of recent accomplishments, then, can be added the fact that there are more organizations for culture in the country than even the longest-haired apostle ever dreamed of after a night of poetry readings at the local art centre.

Of the country's leading 43 "voluntary bodies," 20 have been founded since 1940; only five have a history which goes back to the nineteenth century. They are not amateurs either. All collect membership fees; all have paid staffs of varying sizes. Add to the personnel of these groups the far-flung university organizations (administered by paid members of extension departments), the many cultural agencies sponsored and paid for by provincial and federal governments, and the people who make a living—or part of it—by making speeches to clubs and study groups, and culture as a profession becomes big business in this country.

Like many other industries, the true state of Canadian culture cannot be determined by studying tax returns, annual statement and other figures

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

CANADIAN BREWERIES LIMITED

AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Toronto, Canada, January 21, 1953.

To the Shareholders:

Your Directors present herewith a statement of the affairs and financial position of your Company as at October 31st, 1952.

OPERATIONS—During the past fiscal year sales by your subsidiaries of brewery products were substantially greater than ever before in Canada, and another gratifying increase took place in the United States of America. Distribution of your Company's brands was maintained in North America and extended overseas. Victory Mills Limited operated its malting plant at capacity and its sales of soybean oil, soybean meal and processed brewery by-products were at a satisfactory level. Dominion Malting Company Limited, in which your Company has a 95% interest, once again operated its plant at capacity and enjoyed a successful year.

PROFITS—The volume of sales referred to above represented a value of $133,221,115, which compares with $123,102,520 in the previous year. Profits after all charges, except income taxes, amounted to $11,211,060, compared to $11,331,846. After providing for income taxes net profits available for dividends were $5,255,060, or $2.25 per share on each of the 2,325,968 shares which were outstanding at the end of the year, versus $5,234,333 or $2.25 per share on each of the 2,325,455 shares outstanding a year ago.

BALANCE SHEET—The net working capital at the end of the year stood at $11,557,449 a decrease of $2,951,484. Funded debt was reduced by $1,344,250 during the year and the aggregate increase in assets of a permanent nature amounted to $3,766,543.

DIVIDENDS AND EARNED SURPLUS—Shares ranking for dividends throughout the entire year received $1.25 per share. Dividends paid amounted to $2,907,385 or 55.3% of net profits. Earned surplus increased by $2,347,675 and stood at $19,027,316 at the year end.

DEVELOPMENT AND EXPANSION—The most significant item of capital improvement during the year was the completion of the rebuilding and re-equipping of the O'Keefe Simcoe Street plant in Toronto.

In order to retain and extend the sterling area export markets a company was incorporated in England under the name of Canadian Breweries (International) Limited. This new subsidiary is marketing one of your brands, the product being manufactured according to Canadian specifications by a British brewery.

OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE—While sales in the first quarter of the current fiscal year are establishing new records, which is having the effect of restoring profits to the level of a few years ago, your management is concerned that the profits of the Company in recent years have not followed the trend of sales nor have they increased in proportion to the large additional capital investment in productive facilities. This is directly attributable to the fact that the brewing industry is almost alone in having received no relief from the heavy additional federal taxation imposed on it during and since the war. In order to maintain volume, selling prices of products have been kept at a level which only reflects a minor proportion of the increased taxation, wage and transportation rates, and costs of basic supplies. The result has been a decrease in the profit margin to the point where the shareholders of the Company are the only group which has not benefited during a period of seven years, when the Company's sales and productive facilities have doubled in size. This position has been put before the Federal Government and it is hoped that the fairness of the industry's request will be recognized and that at least the taxation which was added since the war will be removed.

FURTHER INCREASE IN CAPACITY—To meet the ever increasing demand for your Company's products capacity in Canada will be increased during the current year to 2,500,000 barrels per annum, as sales are currently running very close to this figure on a seasonal basis.

Your Directors gratefully acknowledge the loyalty, co-operation and support of all employees.

On behalf of the Board of Directors,

E. P. TAYLOR, *Chairman* — G. M. BLACK, Jr., *President*

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET AS AT THE 31ST OCTOBER, 1952

(Stated in Canadian Funds)

ASSETS

		31st October 1952	*31st October 1951*
CURRENT ASSETS			
Cash	$ 1,999,875		
Investments in marketable securities at cost (quoted market value $824,397)	807,840		
Accounts receivable less allowance for doubtful accounts	3,418,410		
Inventories (Note 2)	15,537,543		
Prepaid expenses	725,637		
TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS		$22,489,305	*$23,447,749*
INVESTMENTS IN OTHER COMPANIES at cost			
Shares of associated companies not majority owned	10,003,242		
Subsidiary not consolidated Dominion Malting Company Limited (Note 3)	2,128,306		
Other shares and advances	1,835,513		
		13,967,061	*11,075,358*
FIXED ASSETS AT COST			
Land	2,519,594		
Buildings	26,524,519		
Plant and equipment	29,967,449		
	56,491,968		
Less: Accumulated provision for depreciation	21,556,095		
		37,455,467	*37,060,597*
OTHER ASSETS at cost			
Real estate held for development	1,928,597		
Sundry properties and investments less reserve of $363,000	883,915		
		2,812,512	*2,332,542*
DEFERRED CHARGES			
Debenture discount and expenses less amortization	782,063		
Sundry	335,808		
		1,117,871	*1,169,465*
PREMIUM PAID upon acquisition of brewing subsidiaries since the 31st October, 1943, less amortization		3,194,407	*3,085,975*
		$81,036,623	*$78,171,686*

LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL

		31st October 1952	*31st October 1951*
CURRENT LIABILITIES			
Accounts payable and accrued	$ 6,668,863		
Provision for income taxes	4,262,993		
TOTAL CURRENT LIABILITIES		$10,931,856	*$ 8,938,816*
DEBENTURES AND NOTES PAYABLE (NOTE 4)			
3% and 3½% Notes of a United States subsidiary	2,525,000		
Debentures secured by first mortgage			
Authorized and issued:			
$15,000,000 of which $3,250,000 have been redeemed			
Outstanding:			
3% Serial debentures	1,000,000		
3½% Sinking fund debentures	6,500,000		
4% Sinking fund debentures	4,250,000		
Debentures authorized by trust deed, dated 15th October 1951—$12,500,000			
4½% 10-Year convertible sinking fund debentures, less $500 converted	12,499,500		
		26,774,500	*28,118,750*
MINORITY INTEREST in a United States subsidiary			*140,324*
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS (NOTE 5)			
Capital Stock—authorized 3,500,000 common shares of no par value of which 2,325,968 shares are issued and outstanding, including 513 shares issued during the year	22,576,386		
Capital Surplus—unchanged during the year	1,726,565		
Earned Surplus—Statement II	19,027,316		
		43,330,267	*40,973,796*
		$81,036,623	*$78,171,686*

Approved on behalf of the Board,
E. P. TAYLOR, *Director*,
G. M. BLACK, JR. *Director*.

AUDITORS' REPORT

To the Shareholders,
Canadian Breweries Limited.

We have examined the consolidated balance sheet of Canadian Breweries Limited and its wholly owned subsidiary companies for the year ended the 31st October, 1952. In connection therewith, we tested accounting records and other supporting evidence and made a general review of accounting methods, and of the consolidated Profit and Loss and Surplus Accounts for the year. The accounts of Brewing Corporation of America included in the accompanying statements have been examined and reported upon by other independent accountants.

Based upon our examination and the report of other accountants referred to above, we report that all our requirements as auditors have been complied with and that, in our opinion, the accompanying Consolidated Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss and Surplus Accounts supplemented by the Explanatory Notes to Financial Statements 1 to 7 appended thereto, are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of affairs of Canadian Breweries Limited and its subsidiary companies as at the 31st October, 1952 and the results of operations for the year then ended, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the companies. We also report that, in our opinion, generally accepted accounting principles have been applied consistently during the year with the exceptions of the changes outlined in Note 7 of the Explanatory Notes to Financial Statements, which we approve.

Dated at Toronto, Ontario,
29th December, 1952.

GEORGE A. TOUCHE & CO.,
Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.

CONSOLIDATED EARNED SURPLUS ACCOUNT

Balance at credit the 1st November, 1951	$16,679,641
Net income for the year ended the 31st October, 1952—Statement III	5,255,060
	21,934,701
Dividends paid	2,907,385
Balance at credit the 31st October, 1952—Statement I	19,027,316

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

Vol. 68 No. 17 Whole No. 3117

CANADA

Professional Culture: A New Career ..... James Scott 1
Ottawa Letter ..... John A. Stevenson 4
Letter from Montreal ..... Hugh MacLennan 7
Toronto—Dialectic on the Don ..... Hugh Garner 9
Vigil Over Jagged Nova Scotian Shoal ..... Len Marquis 10
Alberta's Manning—Solidarity & Success ..... Andrew Snaddon 11

INTERNATIONAL

Meaning of Soviet Anti-Semitism ..... Claris Edwin Silcox 13
No Ataturk for Egypt ..... Willson Woodside 15

EDITORIALS

Decisions Are Job of Wise Majority; Fairies in Herts; Leading Critic; What Didn't Happen; Giving Away Food; Vision of Health; Books for Veterans; Outside the Midway; More Calendars 5

BUSINESS

The Philosophy Behind the Budget ..... J. Harvey Perry 12
Saguenay: Valley of Power ..... M. K. Zieman 18
Rate Housecleaning ..... G. L. Pratt 19
Britain's Year of Transition ..... John L. Marston 20

WOMEN

Figure Skating in Top Circles ..... Margaret Ness 25
A Visit to Blomfield Road ..... Elsie Park Gowan 26
Too Many Bridal Showers? ..... Sybil Young 27

FILMS

On the Mayflower ..... Mary Lowrey Ross 23

TRAVEL

For "Roughing It" With Luxury ..... James Reinhold 30

LIGHTER SIDE

"My Regards to Uncle Joe" ..... Mary Lowrey Ross 29

BOOKS

Observations on Yeats' Plays ..... Robertson Davies 22
Books in Review ..... T.J.A. 22

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters 8
Music ..... Lister Sinclair 14
Crossword 26

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Associate Editor Willson Woodside, in a thoughtful and timely article "European Army Hangs in the Balance", gives a critical appreciation of the European Army crisis—which deeply concerns all of Canada's defence plans through NATO—exploded in Paris but originated in Indo-China. A weakened France, he says, looks to Britain to redress the balance. The alternative is the rebuilding of a strong German national army . . . Associate Editor Hugh Garner, in a remarkable flashback story of the Spanish civil war—"How I Became an Englishman", tells of an incident that reveals a measure of good-natured English behavior that any Anglo-Saxon, with service experience, can understand . . . A. C. Forrest analyzes how Canadians declared their religious affiliations in the 1952 census in "Religious Significance of the Census" . . . Wilfred List of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* contributes a profile of union executive Frank Hall . . . George A. Yackulic, of *The Lethbridge Herald*, describes how immigrants achieve success in Alberta, in an inspiring article "Hope and Fortune in Sugar Beets".

EDITORIAL BOARD
Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt

EDITOR Gwyn Kinsey
MANAGING EDITOR John Yocom

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR Herbert McManus
FINANCIAL EDITOR W. P. Snead
WOMEN'S EDITOR Margaret Ness

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Lillian England, John Irwin, H. Stewart Trevranus

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Robertson Davies, Peter Donovan, Paul Duval, Marjorie Thompson Flint, R. L. Hoadley, Carroll Kilpatrick (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York)

Hazel Watson (Editorial Secretary), Marjorie Budd (Editorial Assistant)

Lloyd M. Hodgkinson . . . Advertising Sales Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Published and printed by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
Birks Building, Montreal, Canada
Editorial and Advertising Offices
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada

Jack Kent Cooke, President and Publisher; George Collington, Vice-President and General Manager; E. R. Milling, Vice-President and Director of Sales; Neil M. Watt, Treasurer and Comptroller; George Colvin, Assistant Comptroller; William Zimmerman, Q.C. Secretary.

Gordon Rumgay ..... Director of Circulation
E. M. Pritchard ..... Director of Manufacturing

VANCOUVER, 815 W. Hastings St.; NEW YORK, Donald Cooke Inc., 551 Fifth Ave.; LOS ANGELES 48, 6399 Wilshire Blvd.; LONDON, England, 16 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1.

"... the willingness to find a way"

A man who started a new business a few years ago recently wrote to pay tribute to the bank's part in helping to make it a success:

"We were fortunate in having, as our banker, a man who could combine with experience the willingness to find a way that called not for experience alone but for imagination as well."

The chartered banks are forever alert to the fresh problems, the changing needs of their customers. At all times, in all *your* banking problems, you can depend on your local bank to bring experience and imagination to the task of helping you to "find a way".

This advertisement, based on an actual letter, is presented here by

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

Dominion and Provincial
Government Bonds
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility
and
Industrial Financing

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

Established 1901

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON, ENG. WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER VICTORIA
LONDON KITCHENER BRANTFORD HAMILTON OTTAWA QUEBEC HALIFAX SAINT JOHN

50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

Ballantine's
FINEST
SCOTCH WHISKY

Bottled IN Scotland

The whisky that made
"Scotch"
a tradition

IDENTIFIED FOR OVER A CENTURY
BY THE FAMILIAR SQUARE PACKAGE
BEARING THIS SIGNATURE

George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1827

WSA
WESTERN SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG
BRANCH OFFICES
Agency Building, Edmonton, Alta. McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask.
227 A-8th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta. 407 Avenue Building, Saskatoon, Sask.
1 Royal Bank Building, Brandon, Man.

OTTAWA LETTER

Defence Spending Under Fire

by John A. Stevenson

SINCE Parliament reassembled on January 12, there have been interesting non-controversial debates in the Commons on the conservation of our resources and pensions for disabled persons; and Mr. Stanley Knowles has made another valiant but abortive effort to end the farcical antiquated procedure under which Parliament has to deal with divorce cases originating in Quebec and Newfoundland. But the Currie report has overshadowed all other subjects and the debate upon it has been marked by considerable acrimony.

The measure of the embarrassment which it causes Ministers is visible in the raggedness of their nerves, which has betrayed some of them into deplorable performances, and their desperate effort to minimize its importance and drag red herrings across the trail of mismanagement and incompetence which it opened up.

Prime Minister St. Laurent let a rose fall from his chaplet when in so many words he accused Mr. Coldwell, the leader of the CCF, of being a receiver of stolen goods, because he had made use of a copy of the original version of the Currie report, which had fallen into his hands. If the Prime Minister's indignation was not hypocritical, he must have forgotten that in 1946, when he was Minister of Justice, he did not hesitate to use stolen property in the shape of documents extracted from the archives of the Russian Embassy in Ottawa by Igor Gouzenko. And Mr. Claxton was in even deeper waters of trouble, when letters which he himself had inserted in Hansard revealed that in a letter addressed to Mr. Coldwell on January 8 he had accompanied a request for information about how he had obtained his copy of the Currie report with the thinly veiled threat of an investigation by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and later had exhorted his colleague Mr. Garson to order the investigation.

MR. KNOWLES properly reminded the Government of a classic case about the rights of members of Parliament which occurred in Britain in 1938. When Mr. Duncan Sandys MP placed upon the order paper of the British House of Commons certain questions about matters of defence, disclosing information to which the Chamberlain Ministry thought he was not entitled and which was covered by the Official Secrets Act, the Attorney-General summoned him to his office and demanded the source of his information, which Mr. Sandys refused to give. In the important constitutional debate which ensued, about the rights and privileges of members of Parliament, Winston Churchill, a Tory, Mr. Attlee and Sir Archibald Sinclair, the leaders respectively of the Labor and Liberal parties and other influential members all agreed that the demand of the Attorney-General was outrageous and a violation of the rights and privileges of Parliament, whose members were only responsible to their constituents.

ON JANUARY 13, the House of Commons listened with considerable patience to Mr. Claxton's defence of his Department and his own record and it was to his credit that he accepted full responsibility for the irregularities which had been disclosed and intimated that he would not seek other scapegoats. The gist of his defence was that the Currie report had uncovered no scandals, which had not been previously known to his Department; that, before it was made, measures had been taken to prevent their recurrence, to punish guilty parties and enforce administrative reforms; that armed forces were never a band of saints and always contained a quota of sinners; that the scale of thefts and defalcations was no larger than those suffered every year by big corporations; and that the total financial loss incurred by them was a fleabite by comparison with the huge total expenditures of his Department. However, this last part of his defence bore a very strong resemblance to the plea of the young woman for forgiveness from a lapse of virtue on the ground that she had had "such a teeny-weeny baby."

The debate was on a motion of the Prime Minister for the establishment of a select committee for the examination of all expenditures under the program of defence since March, 1950. The suspicions of all the parties in opposition were at once aroused when Mr. Claxton at the close of his speech moved an amendment instructing the committee "initially to give priority" in their examination to the expenditures and commitments of the Canadian Army Works Services as dealt with in the Currie report. All the members opposed to the Government are united in their desire to secure a comprehensive investigation of all the outlays and commitments of the Department of National Defence and feel that Mr. Currie is the proper person for this task. But when the Speaker, after ruling out of order a Progressive-Conservative amendment asking for a continuance of Mr. Currie's enquiry, accepted a CCF amendment of similar tenor, Mr. St. Laurent announced that he would vote against it and it has no chance of success.

The Claxton amendment is regarded by the Opposition as a subtle move to ensure through the Liberal majority on the committee that it will waste so much time in reinvestigating the irregularities disclosed by the Currie report that the session will end before the other activities of the Department of National Defence can be adequately examined. They have good reason to believe that the deplorable laxity in the administrative methods of the Department has spread far beyond the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

EDITORIALS

Decisions Are Job of Wise Majority

IT WAS WITH a queasy feeling we read that the complicated radio instruments now being used to help the astronomers find out what is going on in the skies recently recorded a collision between two island universes in the constellation of Cygnus. As if taxes and traffic were not enough, we thought, now things are going to pot out in space; we've come to a pretty pass if we have to watch for reckless universes as well as drivers. But apparently the ruckus in Cygnus happened many millions of years ago, and the news has taken this long to reach our planet; which made us feel a little less peeved about a lot of things that have happened since that celestial collision.

The crack-up in Cygnus was old stuff when Socrates had to drink a cup of hemlock because his ideas did not jibe with what was popular in Athens at the time. The real damage had been done long before, of course, because Socrates had been able to gather around him a motley crowd of young men into whose ready minds he had poked fingers of thought and stirred and stirred until they bubbled with a heady intellectual brew. In the crowd were rich youths who believed in an aristocracy, socialists who made a religion of poverty, even an anarchist or two, and they talked about the things people talk about today — government and education and justice and what is good in life.

What happened to Socrates has happened to a lot of men and women, and the end of it will come only when everybody agrees on everything, a rather frightening possibility but one we do not need to worry about for a while yet. It will keep on happening as long as most of the people — the majority — do not understand the real value of the rebels, the rogue individuals and the vocal minority groups.

If we are to keep proper control of our affairs as a people, we can't very well get away from the custom of letting the majority decide; nor should we, because there really isn't a better way, and most of the time we can tell a tinwhistle from a trumpet. When we let the rebels and the rogues have their say, when we let them needle our conscience and sharpen our wits, we're all the better for it; when we let them push us around and slip things over on us, we are not a majority at all, but a lump of soggy dough good only for kneading and baking by somebody else; and when we try to gag them, we make ourselves out to be a silly lot indeed, because no matter how tough we get we're never tougher than the fibre of a man's mind and soul.

A little rebellion now and then is a good thing, wise old Thomas Jefferson reminded his people, among whom there were many who would be McCarthys and McCarrans today. A little rebellion, he said, "is a medicine necessary for the sound health of governments." It's necessary, too, for the sound health of majorities — something the rebels must remember when, as sometimes happens, they become the majority — because the majority must be sound enough to make its own decisions.

Another Iron Curtain

Perhaps in terms of news from space, we're still in a sort of awkward adolescence, but we've been at the business of living long enough now to be thinking of what we're going to be when we grow up, and that is a decision which can be made only by a majority of us while we're still being needled and nudged by others who have different ideas.

Fairies in Herts

BY WAY of *The Times*, London, we learn that a community in Hertfordshire is going to celebrate the Coronation by transforming itself into fairyland. On its greens will be fairy shelters, grottoes, wishing wells, witches' kitchens, toadstools, rustic arches with garlands of flowers, fairy lights, and so on, and flitting about the place will be various fairies, pixies, elves, nymphs, gnomes and goblins. The climax to these dainty revels will be "a procession of about 100 illuminated and decorated private cars, all sounding their hooters," and "explosions of a fairy-like character."

The Herts planners haven't got it all tied down yet, but they're hoping that the Life Guards will leave the Coronation scene long enough to be the fairy band. They've got something else that should be a smash hit, however—an item called "Highway Code." Fifty fairy policemen are to give "instruction which would be of an educational character" to "fairies with their fairy cycles and cars." And this will be followed by "the sweeping of fairyland by the fairies in keeping with the anti-litter idea."

It should all be very gay and jolly and we hope the Life Guards will be able to help the good people of Herts. There is something tender and beautiful in the thought of the Life Guards and English bobbies doubling as fairies.

Leading Critic

GENERAL EISENHOWER, settling into the head-spinning job of being President of the United States, is learning that many people suffer a sort of election hangover, that the wine of political victory leaves a sour taste in many mouths and the sourness breeds peevishness. The criticism he will have to deal with during the next few months, however, will likely be plodding stuff, because the man whose wit and intelligence make him the natural Leader of the Opposition in the United States will be out of the country until June. That man, of course, is Adlai Stevenson.

It is good news that Mr. Stevenson, after his trip around the world, will be ready to speak for his party outside Congress; for he has a way of speech and thought that gives dignity and meaning to politics. It is not presumptuous for us outside the United States to say so, because when he discusses affairs of government his words have a power to lift and inspire which reaches far beyond the limits of any national barrier.

President Eisenhower is a big man. We think he is big enough to know that Mr. Stevenson not only is a man who has something to say and who can say that something in a way to be remembered, but one whose words are shaped by his own deep convictions rather than by his sense of what may

be politically expedient. By listening to what Mr. Stevenson has to say, President Eisenhower will be a better chief of government and, because of the strength of his country, a better leader among the nations of the free world.

Much of Mr. Stevenson's success as a critic will depend on how the members of his own party support him in his efforts to give coherency to the Democratic opposition. Wendell Willkie tried to do much the same thing after 1940 as Mr. Stevenson now plans. Willkie failed, but he lacked Mr. Stevenson's stature, he worked in a different political climate, and his party had not forced itself upon him. Though Mr. Stevenson holds no public office, he should not find it hard to preserve the fine image of what a party leader should be.

What Didn't Happen

MANY OF us were glad to see the last of 1952, and perhaps we felt that way not because it had been particularly bad to us but because it was a very old year, grimy at the collar, frayed at the cuffs and baggy at the knees. Now that the freshness of the new year is beginning to wear off, we can look back and see that 1952 had its points, in a negative sort of way; it was a year full of things that did not happen.

Most people know by this time that there were no lynchings in the United States during 1952 — a cup of bitter tea for those who like to picture the U.S. as a place of big cities with bodies hanging from every lamp post. The prominence given this bit of news may have obscured other items of like nature. There were no armed robberies in Peterborough, for example, and there were no deaths due to traffic accidents in Woodstock, Ont.

Any number of things did not happen in 1952 —a Third World War, a federal election, the death of Mr. Stalin, a depression, the collapse of the New York Yankees. But the fact they did not lacks the positive quality of such not-happenings as lynchings, holdups and traffic deaths; a quality which gives people who like statistics the chance to tot up long columns of figures and work out the odds for and against. In the last 70 years, 4,726 persons have been lynched in the United States, most of them before 1900, so the odds against a lynching in a nation of over 150 million are fairly high — much higher than the odds against a traffic death at Woodstock or a holdup at Peterborough.

Giving Away Food

BECAUSE THERE are many more hungry than well-fed people in the world, the suggestion of the leaders of some farm groups, that we send our surplus food to countries whose people need it, undoubtedly is a grand one. To feed the hungry is always a fine thing, especially if it is done without hope of reward in the present or the hereafter.

It is not clear, however, if the new proposal to give away the food is inspired by simple charity or by a wish to get rid of an embarrassing surplus. Probably the motive is a mixture of pity and expediency, but it is important that the motive be quite clear. In a matter of this sort we should have no doubt about what we are trying to do for ourselves as well as for those we want to help.

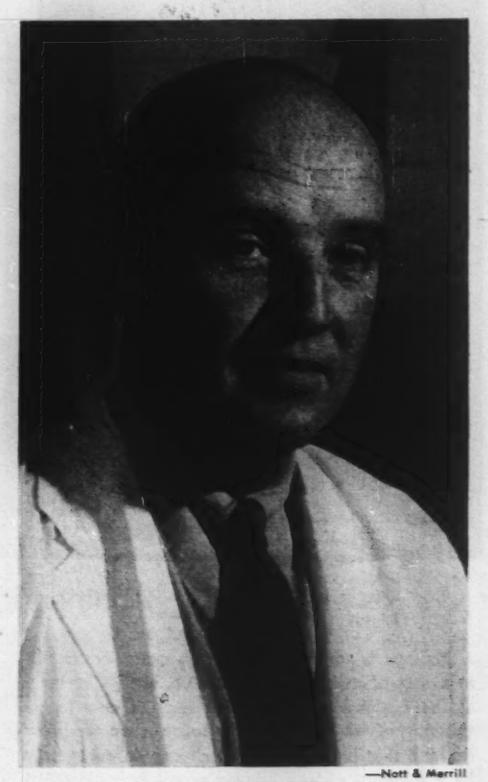
If the gift of food has no purpose but to feed the hungry, we should be certain that this is the best form of help we can give them. There is no question in the event of unexpected famine, but if hunger is a chronic condition our best help may be men and machines to correct the causes of hunger.

If the gift is a way of getting rid of our surplus, we should understand that this is no solution to the problem of surpluses. It is a poor substitute for proper marketing of food products, a drain on general revenues, and nothing more than an "out" when agricultural policy and planning have failed. As an expedient it might be useful once in a long while in an agricultural emergency, but it would never do as an annual practice. Then it would be a permanent subsidy.

Vision of Health

THE WORLD would be a sorry place without men of vision. But the world is also a place of realities, and the progress made by man generally has been the story of how he has been able to fit the vision to the reality, a procedure which has been described as "the art of the possible."

Dr. Charles Best, who with the late Sir Frederick Banting discovered insulin 30 years ago, told an



—Nott & Merrill

DR. CHARLES BEST

audience at Ottawa the other night: "I have a vision that perhaps Canada could use her great wealth—and we have so much—to demonstrate what could be done to improve world health." He said malaria and other diseases which kill millions in Africa, Asia and parts of South America could be eliminated with the cooperation of Canada and other countries.

His vision is a fine and noble one, but how far Canada could go in making it a reality would be part of the "art of the possible." Canada's wealth is great but not unlimited.

Books for Veterans

A FRIEND of ours made a tour of the basement the other day and found, to his surprise, an accumulation of between 400 and 500 pocket novels, books he had picked up to help pass the time on street cars, buses and trains, and still in as good condition as when he had bought them. Without delay he telephoned Sunnybrook Military Hospital; perhaps the veterans there would like to have the novels. Yes, the hospital people said, they would be very happy to get the books, but they could not pick them up because they did not have the vehicles for things like that, and would our friend mind very much delivering them himself?

Well, for one reason or another, he could not deliver. But he tells us his young son, who has reached the stage where he builds things out of bits of wood and old boxes, has come up with a possible answer. All it requires is a measure of cooperation between the departments of government. His son says he will build a fine cart, and drive it too, if Sunnybrook can get one of those horses from Petawawa.

Outside the Midway

WE LIVE in a loud and raucous world, a neon-lighted midway where circus barkers try to sell us goods and ideas at the top of their voices and where success is measured by the slickest spiel and the biggest crowd. But once in a while the spielers run out of wind and before they get started again there is a brief period of calm when we can take a quick look at the life that goes on in the shadows outside the glare of the midway.

In the quiet moments we can see enough, if we will, to make us understand that the subdued life away from the midway is the real stuff of humanity — the living and the dying, the building and the tearing down, the fearing and the hoping. And when we understand this, we see that the midway exists only by sufferance of the people in the shadows; when they get tired of the noise and the glare, the spielers will go away and the kootch tents will be pulled down and the fairgrounds will be bare, ready for the next entertainment.

More Calendars

SEVERAL CALENDARS deserving of review have been received since our first editorial on the subject went to press. *Rolph-Clark-Stone Ltd.* has come up once again with a beautiful calendar bearing the reproduction of a Montague Dawson painting showing HRH The Duke of Edinburgh at the tiller of his yacht, "Bluebottle", in a race at Cowes. The calendar pad is the best, typographically, of any seen this year.

Scythes & Co. Ltd. of Toronto and Montreal has a pad containing the months from January 1953 to January 1954 inclusive—a welcome innovation for those who receive their calendars after the first of the year. In line with the company's worthwhile practise of illustrating its calendars with the paintings of contemporary Canadian artists, the 1953 product presents a study of white trilliums done by A. J. Casson, PRCA, OSA, President of the Royal Canadian Academy.

Dominion Oilcloth and Linoleum Co. Ltd. presents one of the most ambitious and informative calendars of the year with its "These Be Your Queens". The six Queens of England since William the Conqueror are portrayed, one to a page in delicate pastel overtones, by J. E. Schaflein. On the back of the cover is a genealogical chart of British royalty up to the present day.

Two more life insurance companies have distributed creditable calendars again this year: *Confederation Life Association* with one bearing a large oil reproduction titled "Canada's North-West Passage" by J. D. Kelly and H. B. Goodridge, and *North American Life* with a 4-page fold of four color photographs showing Canadian scenes.

Massey Harris Co. has a 13-page calendar, each month (including December 1952) showing Canadian seasonal scenes.

The Boy Scouts of Canada calendar shows a scout shouting the slogan "Strengthen Scouting! Strengthen Canada!" and the *Allan Lumber Co.* of Kingston, Ont., is illustrated with a photographic reproduction of a Rocky Mountain lake.

Letter from Montreal

by Hugh MacLennan

BY A PROCESS of free association, the first synonym for Montreal that pops into the minds of most Canadians is night-clubs, and the fact that those clubs we have are usually filled to overflowing with non-Montrealers and Americans with no place else in the city to go makes them no less Montreal's own. Like the goings-on in Times Square on New Year's Eve, they are probably the principal reason why so many people from some place else find business to do in our town at the end of the year.

But Mr. Duplessis cares nothing for our fame in this direction and this New Year's his ten o'clock curfew was imposed again. By midnight there wasn't a drink to be bought in any restaurant, hotel or tavern, and most of the clubs were closed in disgust. At its heart the city was dead. So much for this roué of a place which has enjoyed its reputation, however overblown, and has lost no opportunity of taunting Toronto-the-Good.

The sense of disappointment in ourselves hung heavy, but it might have been forgotten were it not for the need of editors to fill space during the usual first-fortnight-in-January lull. It was no longer enough for Toronto to compare itself with Montreal; Toronto papers had to lean over backwards this year to point up the morality of their fair city. Headlines in *The Globe and Mail* proclaimed that there were no drunk drivers over New Year's, or so we have been told. We didn't see the Toronto papers, but you may be sure Montreal editors did. And consequently there appeared in *The Montreal Star* an editorial under the caption "Good for Toronto."

After quoting the headlines of self-congratulation in Toronto, *The Star* editorial went on: "It is a proud boast marred only by the fact that while no one was arrested for drunken driving, eleven drivers were held for 'driving while their ability was impaired by alcohol'." And the editorial goes on to say: "There is a real distinction, of course, between the drunken driver and the driver who has taken drink but is not drunk . . . . the drunken driver goes to jail.

"While congratulating Toronto on its sobriety we should like to point out that Montreal did not have a single drunken driver over the New Year, and not a single driver whose ability was impaired by alcohol. At least the police made no arrests."

Can this actually be the voice of Montreal? On what days are we fallen that Toronto's position as The Good can be challenged with impunity? Did the writer of the editorial have his tongue in his cheek when he wrote that last sentence? If so, the bulge in his cheek didn't show. Let's not give up our bad reputation so easily.

ADMITTEDLY the streets were comparatively quiet at midnight of the end of the year; parties were all at home or in someone else's house, and people who had to stay in hotels probably sat by radios and wished they were somewhere else. But the afternoon of the same day was a different story. Between the hours of four and five we had to walk home in the near-western section of the city and in the process of getting there we crossed five intersections. We arrived at last sweating and shaken, for drivers had borne down on us with weaving wheels and caterwauling horns, and never have we encountered so many strangers who liked us on first sight. We watched one taxi go sailing around a street car on the left side and thread its way like a ballet dancer through the oncoming traffic; women we don't know waved at us with both hands from behind the wheels of cars still in motion.

On the whole we tend to believe everything we read in the papers because the consequences of not believing would leave us in a vacuum of doubt from which we could extricate ourselves only by never reading anything at all. But we do not believe that Montreal can be written off as a reformed character, no matter what the editorials say. We haven't been in a night-club in the last ten years; we don't care if they are forced to close on New Year's Eve or forever. But we can't have people getting wrong ideas about a city whose badness is its most cherished boast.

FOR YEARS we have been listening to the oldsters telling us that winters were longer and harder when they were young, and finally their memories have been vindicated. The people who chart weather conditions are now able to prove that the climate is growing warmer, however little by little, and certainly Montreal is settling down to an unusually mild winter this year. Often when it snows in the Laurentians and the hotel-keepers sing for joy, the thermometer at Dorval airport shifts uneasily between 31° and 33° and we slosh around in freezing rain.

The street maintenance crews are using salt instead of sand on highways, intersections and tram lines this year, and as usually happens when efficiency takes precedence over other considerations, the result is a mixed blessing. Cars are able to keep on the move uphill as well as down, but the cabbies complain that their tires suffer from the salt and dog-owners that their animals come home with raw paws.

For those of us who walk the results are all bad. It is like having to endure endless weeks of March at its fiendish worst. The streets we must cross are deep in a mush of dirty, scummy slush, and as the cars churn through the ooze it is splashed in wide swathes which befoul trousers, nylons and skirts. The cleaners and the car laundries probably rejoice in the new methods of keeping traffic on the move, but those of us who appear

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

An Attractive Yield From Canada Bonds

The new issue of Government of Canada bonds provides the most attractive investment return available from Canada bonds for many years.

We offer as principals —

Government of Canada

3¾% Bonds

Due January 15, 1978

Denominations $500 and $1,000

Price: At the market, to yield about 3.85%

Orders may be placed with any of our offices.

Wood, Gundy & Company

Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

"Make mine a Highball with Soda please"

Yes, Canadians are finding that highballs taste better when they are mixed with club soda. And that's because club soda means Canada Dry Sparkling Water—world's finest mixer. Points up the flavor of *every* drink!

AVAILABLE IN THREE CONVENIENT SIZES

Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER

CD-63

Makes your drink taste better

"Operation Squirrel"

WE KNEW ALUMINUM was used for artificial limbs, crutches and other aids to the fractured human frame. Now word comes from England suggesting still wider horizons for this versatile modern metal. Seems an animal lover of Twickenham found a squirrel with a broken leg and fixed it up with a pair of wooden splints. These his furry patient immediately ate. So he made two more, this time of aluminum. No more trouble.

It's just one more example of the seemingly limitless uses of aluminum. And it helps explain why Alcan is increasing its aluminum-making capacity in Quebec, and building a new smelter in British Columbia. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

SEA LEGS

Bracing salt air off the broad Atlantic puts new spring into your gait. You feel fit—ready to enjoy every minute of your stay in Atlantic City. There's diversion aplenty in and close by Hotel Dennis, where we'll do everything to make you feel at home. A great family hotel, with moderate rates.

Hotel DENNIS
Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY
Write or telephone for reservations.

GERANIUMS
18 VARIETIES 25c

Everyone interested in houseplants should plant a packet or two of our Geranium Seed. We offer a gorgeous mixture containing Dazzling Scarlet, Flame Red, Brick Red, Crimson, Maroon, Vermilion, Scarlet, Salmon, Cerise, Orange-Red, Salmon-Pink, Bright Pink, Peach, Blush Rose, White, Blotched, Variegated, Margined. Easy to grow from seed and often bloom 90 days after planting. (Pkt. 25¢) (2 for 45¢) postpaid. Plant now. SPECIAL OFFER: 1 pkt. as above and 5 pkts. of other Choice House-plant Seeds, all different and easily grown in house. Value $1.25, all for 65¢ postpaid.

FREE BIG 1953 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Best Ever!

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN ONT.

anywhere in public these days keep our eyes focussed politely above everyone's knees: From there down we are all rudely pretty much alike in our spottedness.

THE New Year's Honors List brought the Order of Merit to Dr. Wilder Penfield and made the city proud. This great American, now a Canadian citizen, informed the press that he did not accept the honor as a personal tribute but rather as a recognition of the work of the Neurological Institute, of which he is the founder and the head. For once Dr. Penfield spoke less than the truth, if still in character. His influence in the city and for that matter throughout the country has been incalculable, for he has brought to the medical world of Montreal the kind of excited devotion that Sir William Osler took with him when he left Montreal, years ago, for Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. We are so accustomed to talented Canadians emigrating to the United States to further their careers that we often forget how many brilliant Americans come to us. With Dr. Penfield's election to the Order of Merit there are now three native-born Americans among the chosen. The others are T. S. Eliot and that honorary British citizen, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Letters to the Editor

Byng-King Story

IN HIS article on the Byng-King controversy (SATURDAY NIGHT, Jan. 3) Mr. Forsey, it seems to me, fails to distinguish between possession of a prerogative and the wisdom of its exercise.

At the time, as Ottawa Superintendent of The Canadian Press, I had a ringside seat at the parliamentary battle and travelled through every province in the two general election campaigns. The conclusion I reached then—and the opinion I hold still—is that however Lord Byng may have been within his strict constitutional rights in refusing to grant a dissolution to Mr. Mackenzie King, his action was ill-advised and most unwise. The alternative Meighen Government, of which Mr. Forsey makes so much play in his article, was, in practice, a myth. It depended for its existence on the support of a few Progressives who turned tail on the first real test. Even had Bird not broken his "pair", the Meighen Government would still have had no majority.

I never had the faintest doubt that Lord Byng acted as he did act from a sense of duty and in the interests of what he considered to be fair play. Any idea that he deliberately planned to reduce Canada to colonial status is just nonsense. But the irony of the whole situation is this: quite unintentionally, of course, Lord Byng handed a ready-made and much needed constitutional issue to Mackenzie King and thereby materially contributed to his success at the polls.

I have good reason for the belief that Lord Byng himself realized that when it was too late.

Ottawa, Ont. GEORGE HAMBLETON

Sad Commentary

MR. BRUCE HUTCHISON'S biography of the Incredible Canadian is a most interestingly readable work. Not many writers have been able to follow the mental twists and contortions of the subject under review as Mr. Hutchison has managed to do in the case of Mr. King . . .

The volume as a whole offers a sad commentary on the political immaturity of the Canadian people who, for a period of more than twenty years, allowed themselves to be fooled by such a dodging, noncommittal, sleight-of-hand artist as Mr. Hutchison describes . . .

Vancouver, BC. A. W. SCOTT

Colored Margarine

ASSOCIATE Editor Hugh Garner took upon himself a large task when considering "What to expect in 1953", and is to be congratulated, but since in good journalism facts should be checked and correctly reported, may I administer a metaphorical rap across the knuckles for the very obvious error on the subject of margarine?

Away here on the Coast we may seem far removed from civilization, but in BC we have had colored margarine for a good many months.

I would like also at this time to add my voice to Mr. Paul Gardner's "gentle protest" against your headline on December 6. I have been happy to subscribe to a Canadian Magazine which contains worthwhile reading matter, and shall continue to do so, and I believe that criticism from your readers is an asset, particularly since you are not afraid to print a goodly portion of that criticism . . .

North Vancouver, BC. MURIEL RESON

Laws and Censors

YOUR issue of January 3 has just come to my attention. There is so much in it that elicits my interest that I felt you would appreciate the reaction of one of your readers.

The editorial headed "Can't Control Ideas by Laws or Censors" interested me particularly. I heartily endorse the opinion put forward that censorship is "based on a lie, the lie that ideas can be controlled by law."

The championship of such a principle, so basic to the defense of our heritage of freedom, by your paper is a heartening omen! More power and success to you! May you have the discernment to detect the many-sided threats to our freedoms that rear their ugly heads on the Canadian horizon and by thus exposing them contribute much to the preservation and extension of true freedom and liberty. There are many individuals in every strata of life that unwittingly aid the cause of tyranny. Enlightened journalism can do much to help us all.

Oshawa, Ont. DARREN L. MICHAEL

Ottawa Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Works Services of the Army and the Auditor-General in his annual report has turned the searchlight of publicity upon fresh irregularities.

The fact that the average per capita cost of our armed forces is $18,000 per annum as compared with an annual cost of $13,000 in the United States, which has always been the reverse of niggardly about its outlays for defence, and about $5,000 in Britain, seems in itself to argue that under the Claxtonian regime the Department of National Defence has had a serene disdain for economy and the burdens of the taxpayer. British officers visiting Canada have been filled with envy at the luxurious nature of the accommodation provided for most of our armed forces and it is known that when the Prime Minister during a recent visit to a minor Canadian city was shown the new local armory, he was frankly appalled at its magnificence and the outlay of public money which it represented.

There can be no effective challenge to the statement made by Mr. J. M. Macdonnell in the debate that "there is not a single member of this House, there is not really a single person who goes about the country, who has not heard story after story of serious extravagance in departmental expenditure" and previously Mr. F. D. Shaw, a Social Crediter, had commented severely upon the vast expenditure lavished upon the rehabilitation of an air station at Penhold in Alberta, which after being used by the RCAF in the Second World War had been turned over to the Department of Transport. After the outbreak of the war in Korea the Air Force recovered control of it and according to data published in *The Globe and Mail* on November 22, before it was re-opened as a permanent flying school in May, 1952, well over $5 million had been expended upon the expansion and improvement of its original facilities. It is the intention to have posted to this school 150 "station" officers and 300 trainees and for the accommodation of this personnel, and presumably a smaller quota of subordinate ranks, a dozen buildings including barracks, have been constructed at a total cost of $3 million. Separate messes for the two classes of airmen have been prescribed with respective costs of $350,000 and $340,000. And the cost of 123 houses for married personnel is placed at $1,225,000, which allows for about $10,000 per house.

But Mr. Winters, the Minister of Resources and Development, has treated the complaints about extravagance at Penhold very cavalierly; he told the House that there were logical explanations for most of the points raised by Mr. Shaw and that in a number of other matters in which corrective actions were possible, they had been taken. However, members from Alberta, who know the facts, are not satisfied with Mr. Winters' lighthearted attitude about the charges of extravagances at Penhold and it is just one of the numerous cases which should be investigated by an impartial authority.

CANADA'S WHIPPING BOY

Toronto—Dialectic on the Don

by Hugh Garner

NEXT to the perennial woman's magazine stories about the unloved human female, the articles most endemic to Canadian publications are those running down Toronto. These confections are sometimes urbane, oftentimes vituperative, and occasionally funny, but they all say the same things. Their authors don't realize that they are repeating something said every year since 1837, and they offer their learned observations with the air of an Einstein proclaiming his theory on the curvature of light to an audience of Galileos.

Most of these authors belong to a clearly defined sub-species. On one hand there are the intellectuals who have gained their cursory knowledge of Toronto from several days or years spent in the cloistered confines of the University of Toronto or a half century in the cluttered confines of their deflated egos. On the other hand are the literary Lochinvars from the West, who came, ill-armed, to conquer, and, defeated, stayed to scoff. Both of these types have a duty to perform for the rest of Canada in exposing the "real" Toronto to the harsh critical beams from Mont Royal and Burrard Inlet.

They invariably begin their panjandrums with a critical analysis of Toronto as a city, so that it emerges as a bumptious bailiwick suspended somewhere between Babylon and Boston. However, they soon run out of defamatory adjectives and begin berating their neighbors themselves, which is what they have been dying to do all along. They are much like the gossip who said to her husband after visiting next door for the first time, "Well, I'll admit that their house was as neat as a pin, and the cooking was good, but did you notice that the cat's ears were dirty?"

Toronto is damned with faint praise about its streetcars, hotels and libraries, and praised with faint damns for its churches, cocktail bars and clean civic politics. Its critics spread the old burlesque gag about "spending a week in Toronto between Saturday night and Monday morning," and everyone from out of town laughs, like street urchins jeering at Mrs. Astor's horse.

If they visit Toronto as a delegate to a WCTU convention, the city's 300 liquor outlets are a sin and a scandal, but if they are a visiting toper from Prince Edward Island who can't find a pick-me-up on Sunday morning, Toronto is a temperate town.

THE TORONTONIAN is called conservative and radical, unfriendly and garrulous, a temperance crank and a drunkard, when, of course, he is all of them together. If he talks to a visitor on Saturday night, he is a drunkard, and if he refuses to talk to him on Monday morning, he's a snob. If the Torontonian gives more money to charity than anywhere else in the country, he's a braggart, and if he refuses to send clothing to the starving oilfield workers in Alberta, he's a miser. If the people of Toronto build the finest children's hospital in the country, they are too rich, and if they set about clearing their slums, it shows that they are poor and are admitting it.

Toronto is a city of contrasts, and it isn't a bit like you think it is if you've never left Medicine Hat. "Tory Toronto" they call it, yet in one provincial election since the war its voters elected 10 CCF and 2 Communist candidates out of a total of 16 city and suburban ridings. They say that Torontonians ignore their slums, yet the city is the only one in the country which has a gigantic slum clearance scheme farther advanced than just talk. The Regent Park Project is the biggest slum clearance move ever made in Canada, and today new apartment buildings are rising where slum streets stood yesterday.

THEY LAUGH at Toronto for being a city of churches, as if trying to make a vice of a virtue, yet they don't know that there are more *churchgoers* per population in Montreal and Quebec City than Toronto ever saw in a month of Sundays. If it weren't for our churches the critics would kick about the streetcars running too fast or the Toronto tap water being too cold. Most of us hold up our churches as a target to absorb the unkind cuts of those who would just as likely run us down for our Sunday sports, or because we are the centre of Canada's drug traffic. Let us talk about our churches for a moment.

With the possible exception of Los Angeles, Toronto has a wider variety of religions than any city in North America. In addition to Roman Catholic-

ism and Judaism, the city is the stamping grounds of more sects and schisms of the Protestant faith than there are chapters in the New Testament. They range from the Anglican Cathedrals through the edifices of Calvin, Knox and John Wesley, to splinters and flakes of fundamentalist faiths which argue the merits of complete baptismal immersion as against tap water on the forehead, and give their own particular connotations to the teachings of Jesus Christ, making Him over again in their own image. Toronto is the Canadian headquarters for the British-Israel World Federation, the Salvation Army, and a hundred other churches including the Theosophists, Jehovah's Witnesses, Latter Day Saints, Christian Scientists, and a score of missions which collect souls like a philatelist collects stamps.

Toronto is the most unfriendly city in the country.

Perhaps it is, but it doesn't stone Baptists or Jehovah's Witnesses on the streets, and it took in the majority of West Coast Japanese when the friendly, foggy city of Vancouver wouldn't have them. One out of every four immigrants to Canada eventually makes his or her way to Toronto, and each winter we absorb the unemployed from the wheat fields and the down-East apple valleys. During the summer the city sends most of its poor kids to free summer camps, and at Christmas the population, through an evening newspaper, gives thousands of them clothing and toys.

Toronto thinks it is a cultural center.

And so it is. It is artistic rather than arty, which might not go over so well with most of its critics whom, I believe, wear belted coats and porkpie hats, and smoke scented cigarettes through a six-inch holder. Toronto's culture and art are weekday words for a pair of rolled-up sleeves, a violin, paint brush or typewriter. It is the Mecca for all the young men who want to be authors and playwrights and all the young women who want a career in the drama. And, because of this, it has also become the Mecca for the aesthetes, poetasters, literary sycophants, amateur jazz critics, unfinished novelists, lilies and dilettantes from the rest of the country. But don't hold them against us—in fact, don't hold them near us.

On the cultural side too it has the University of Toronto, the largest in the country, the Royal Ontario Museum, the Toronto Art Gallery and the Royal Conservatory of Music. One of the largest and best legitimate stage auditoriums in the Western Hemisphere, the Royal Alexandra, is located in the city and a magnificent symphony orchestra is supported by the cultural Torontonians.

CULTURE! We're stiff with it. Every night in the year the crowds go to Massey Hall, Eaton Auditorium, the pop concerts at Varsity Arena, the art galleries, the literary teas, the coast-to-coast radio shows; talks on relativity, nuclear fission, Franz Kafka, existentialism, architecture and neo-primitive painting. We are the only city in Canada in which the natives have a free choice almost any night in the year of a hundred diversions. Whether your meat is baseball or Biblical history, botany or Beethoven, ballet or Bolshevism, you can find it here. Toronto is the greatest sports town in the country, and Maple Leaf Gardens, Maple Leaf Stadium and Varsity Stadium are crowded for top-line hockey, baseball and football throughout each of the three seasons, to say nothing of the soccer, lacrosse and stock-car racing that is going on somewhere every evening during the warm weather.

Toronto has no colorful inhabitants or native sons.

No, none at all except the Boyd Gang, Beatrice Lillie, Foster Hewitt, Wayne and Shuster, Raymond Massey, The Happy Gang, Mary Pickford, and the thousands of others you listen to on your radios and record players every day. And then there are the hundreds you'll never likely meet, such as Rosy the Rose Vendor; the late Ned Clark, *bon vivant* and cop killer; old Red, street preacher and sophist extraordinary; and a veritable battalion of harmless characters, charlatans and human caricatures that make the Toronto police courts as diverting a spectacle as an accident to Gypsy Rose Lee's gee-string.

And anybody who thinks Torontonians are all painted with the same dull brown paint has never walked along Jarvis Street late at night when the taverns and beer parlors are emptying, and watched the prowl cars picking up the drunks and hoodlums, both male and female. This is the only street in Canada where both the prostitutes and the policemen have to walk in pairs for protection.

Toronto is unemotional and reserved.

The person who said that has never seen the Canadian National Exhibition midway, the Santa Claus Parade, or Bay Street when Barbara Ann Scott came home an Olympic winner. And they've never been to the Union Station when a trainload of Toronto boys came home from World War Two or Korea either.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

—All photos NFB

FLASHING BEACON atop the foremast of the *Lurcher* Lightship riding at permanent anchor warns shipping of dangerous shoals off Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

SHIP THAT NEVER SAILS

Vigil Over Jagged Nova Scotian Shoals

by Len Marquis

LURCHER SHOAL is a cluster of submerged rocks lying in the lane of Fundy-bound shipping, twenty miles off Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and where in the early days of coastal trade many proud ships came to grief. Today, in spite of fog and high seas which cloak the jagged shoals, vessels ply in safety, thanks to the warning beacon of a ship which never sails. *Lurcher*, a 600-ton lightship, keeps day and night vigil riding at permanent anchor over the shipping lanes and is also used as a gathering point for weather data in the area.

With routine chores done and weather observations radio-telephoned to shore, time for the sixteen-man crew hangs heavier than the great seas which often crash over the conspicuous red hull. The crew spend most of their spare time reading, playing checkers or "crib" and waiting for the monthly supply boat bringing news and mail from home. When night falls, the only bright lights are of their own making—ten seconds on, two seconds eclipse, atop her swaying foremast.

CHECKERS is favorite form of relaxation for crew who work six hours on and six off. BELOW: Weather reports are radio-telephoned to shore by First Mate.

FOG HORN, which supplements flashing light, is serviced by an engineer.

Alberta's Manning: Solidarity and Success

Through a surefire combination of religion and politics, the Social Credit leader has built a sound and powerful Government

by Andrew Snaddon

THE SOCIAL CREDIT PARTY was facing its "golden hour of opportunity" in federal politics, Premier Ernest Manning told the Alberta Social Credit League convention at Edmonton in November. To the 300 party faithfuls gathered in the hotel banquet room, there was no doubt about it and no doubt that Manning would be the man of that hour.

For 44-year-old Hon. Ernest Charles Manning is the main cog in the Social Credit wheel which appears to be gaining some speed as it rolls, the Socreds hope, "On To Ottawa". There are ten Social Credit members of parliament but even their leader, Solon Low, is under no illusion that anyone other than Manning carries its hopes and leads the party.

In the Alberta legislature the small opposition forces are sadly aware of Manning's strength. Time and again they have felt they were making some headway on a particular issue only to find that the people were satisfied to let Manning do things his way, for they trust him. "You can put up all the sound arguments you like," a frustrated opposition politician told us recently in a tired voice, "you have the Alberta voter you are talking to agreeing with you all the way; then he smiles and replies that Manning's such a good man — as if that settled everything."

In 1935 Social Credit came into power in depression-weary Alberta when high school principal William Aberhart promised financial reform, "$25 a month", and breathed fire at the bankers and the "fifty big shots." After 17 years the financial reform remains to be done but the depression is gone and the financing is so orthodox that the bankers beam when they speak of Alberta. Manning has been lucky, but he has made the most of his luck.

In 1935 businessmen either laughed or blew their tops at the mention of Social Credit. Recently at a Canadian Chamber of Commerce convention in Banff, Premier Manning was cheered as he told of Alberta's prosperity. "Best Conservative government in Canada," an Eastern tycoon at my table happily proclaimed. One of the Provincial slogans today is "Alberta — where business and government co-operate." It's a long way back to the bankrupt early 1930's when Social Credit came to Alberta but Manning has come every step of the way. It is true that more voters vote for Manning and the party claim to "good government" than vote for "Social Credit."

BORN near Carnduff, Saskatchewan, in 1908 where his English parents had come to farm, Manning was educated in Rosetown. When William Aberhart opened his Prophetic Bible Institute in Calgary, Ernest Manning, who had heard him on the radio, was the first to enrol. The radio voice of Manning, the lay preacher, today is one of the greatest assets of the Social Credit party.

Manning lived at the Aberhart home, the complete disciple in Christian studies and the economic theories which Aberhart preached. Then, when Aberhart moved into the political field, Manning, in his early twenties, was always at his side. In fact he was even ahead of him in one way because in 1935 Manning topped the poll in Calgary whereas Mr. Aberhart did not run in the general election.

THE WRITER *is Chief of the London Bureau for the Southam Newspapers.*

At 26 Manning was named Provincial Secretary and was also given a new department, Trades and Industry, to organize. He is given credit for a good job in both cabinet positions. In the days between 1935 and 1939 when the Alberta legislature was the scene of many rowdy, bitter debates, Manning was on the Government front bench. Many people today think of Manning

—Capitol Press Service

PREMIER ERNEST MANNING

strangely as a man above politics, although he has spent most of his adult life in the political arena and is quite able to look after himself and to judge the political winds.

In 1940 opposition forces united against the Social Credit Government but it was re-elected. During the war years a good deal of the interest in Provincial politics tapered off. The courts had ruled out the reform legislation introduced by the Aberhart administration. In 1943 William Aberhart died and the young Saskatchewan boy who had come to study under him succeeded Aberhart as Premier. In June, 1944, the Socialist CCF won Saskatchewan. In Alberta, many who had opposed Social Credit swung behind it, fearing that Socialism would come in. The "Independents" —the united forces opposed to Social Crediters in 1940 — had few good candidates and elected only three members. The CCF got two seats and the Government 51. The opposition was again flattened in 1948 and 1952.

The Sunday broadcasts that brought Aberhart his early fame have been continued. With his growing recognition as a successful administrator, Manning has retained his role as a lay preacher. Those close to him say he would be glad to devote his full time to his religious work. His opponents object to the annoying habit of Manning supporters in referring to "Ernest"' as if he were the only Christian in politics.

SOCIAL CREDIT is a mixture of religion and politics, hypocritical to some and quite natural to others. Manning has unstintingly worked at his preaching. For years he has left Edmonton every second week-end to journey by car or train the 200 miles to Calgary, accompanied by his slim, dark-haired, wife who plays the piano at these "Back to the Bible Hour" broadcasts from the Prophetic Bible Institute.

His religious preaching is fundamental and strictly speaking he avoids political issues. Politically it is of tremendous value and Social Crediters know it. After the war the broadcasts, originally heard on Calgary's CFCN, "The Voice of the Prairies", were recorded and re-broadcast on other stations in other provinces until now they are coast-to-coast.

Some people were surprised at the Social Credit success in BC last summer for they considered it something new to the coast Province. As early as 1950 Social Credit organizers from Alberta were going into the interior of BC, delighted because in some cases they had been asked to come, also happy because there were audiences who had heard Manning's Sunday preaching and wanted to hear of Social Credit.

In the party Manning holds the whip and can crack it if he wants to. There have been some of the old school believers in "International financiers" and "Zionists" (often akin to anti-Semitism in their tone) who have felt that Manning has not pushed the true beliefs hard enough. Manning has obliterated them with an attitude of "it's them or me, take your choice."

FOR INSTANCE, A. V. Boucier, member for Lac Ste. Anne, and chairman of the Social Credit Board which was set up in the earlier days to study the problems of implementing Social Credit, attacked Manning after the board was folded in 1947. His seat was removed to the opposition ranks and in the 1952 election, without official support, Bourcier came at the bottom of the poll he had headed since 1935.

R. E. Ansley, another former board chairman, was Minister of Education in 1948. The board, which had come up with such ideas as abolishing the secret ballot, had submitted its final report and the Manning government differed with it. Ansley resigned his $8,000 cabinet job, continued in the Government ranks as member for Leduc but was frequently critical of the Government. Ansley supported Bourcier who campaigned against an official candidate at Lac Ste. Anne.

Now Ansley was elected the official Social Credit member for Leduc. In November, Ansley, popular with most of the rank and file was refused admittance to the Provincial convention. There was some protest and some support for Ansley, until the Premier spoke. "He must learn you can only play with one team at one time" Manning declared after observing that Ansley was not in "complete" agreement with the party. The leader concluded, "the matter is closed and he is a member of the opposition." Only one vote was cast in the rebel's favor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

DEFENCE IS HERE TO STAY

The Philosophy Behind the Budget

by J. Harvey Perry

GREAT EVENTS seldom cast before them a shadow in sharp outline, and of all events this is most true of a Federal budget. The perils of prophecy regarding a budget are always grave, but in the year 1953 they are even more sobering than usual, there being reason to suppose that every issue will not be settled solely by the cold logic of arithmetic.

This circumstance alone dictates caution. But the writer has also had the temerity to list in a previous article the alternative tax changes among which it will be Mr. Abbott's unhappy lot to choose. A respectful silence while the actual operation is being performed would seem therefore to be only the part of decency.

This self-imposed silence offers an opportunity for canvassing two or three general lines of thought on which taxpayers might well reflect. Unfortunately individual budgets appear with such dramatic effect that they are seldom seen in their historical context, and a budget in the year 1953 is above all a child of history. What then is the broad background of this budget? Where does it fit in the cold war? What is it likely to foretell for the years ahead?

The year 1953 can be put quickly in historical perspective by comparing it with the late twenties, another prosperous era now a quarter of a century behind us. In 1929 total expenditures of all governments in Canada were $940 million, representing about 15 per cent of gross national product. In 1953 they will probably reach $6,500 million, or about twice the share of the gross national product.

ASTONISHING changes have appeared also in the relative positions of the national and local levels of government and in the character of government expenditures, particularly in the national budget.

In 1929 only $340 million, or a little more than one-third, was spent by the Federal government; the balance was spent by the provinces and municipalities. In 1953 the positions will be completely reversed; about two-thirds of the total will be spent by the national government.

In the Federal budget the most marked changes in individual expenditures occurred in defence outlays, interest on the debt and social security payments. In the Federal fiscal year closest to 1929 defence expenditure was $22 million; in 1953 it will be $2,000 million plus, or about one hundred times as much. Interest on the Federal debt was about $122 million; in 1953 it will be around $425 million. Almost the only element of social security in the Federal expenditures in 1929 was an item of $1½ million for grants to the provinces for old age pensions. In 1953 on family allowances and universal old age pensions alone some $650 to $700 million will be spent. There will, of course, be additional heavy outlays on war pensions, health grants, unemployment insurance and a variety of other similar measures.

A marked change in the subsidies to provincial governments is indicated in the increase from $12½ million in 1929 to a probable payment under the tax agreements in 1953 of $325 million. In the latter year, of course, there are very substantial offsetting revenues from tax sources rented from the provinces.

And the tax outlook at the end of the twenties? About the only "nuisance" taxes left were those on liquor and tobacco; the Federal corporation income tax rate was down to 8 per cent; the sales tax was 1 per cent; the personal income tax, except for the very wealthy, was trivial. The Federal Minister of Finance had indeed predicted that in another year or two it would likely be possible to repeal both the sales and personal income taxes.

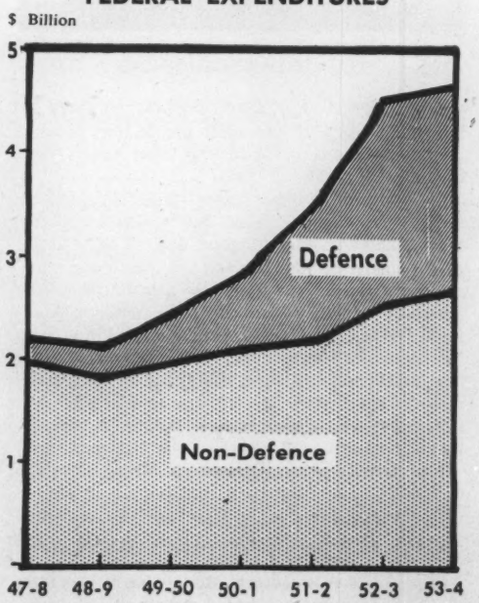
Against this background the year 1953 stands in as harsh outline as black on white. We need go no farther for historical perspective. Obviously today we live in a different world. Something happened to that world of 1929; it lies buried deep under the rubble of depression, war and the threat of more war. Yet how many still appear to live in fond hopes that they may encounter it again around any corner, heedless of the chasm of a quarter-century of turbulent history that divides us from it?

The world of today holds its own promises, but they are conditioned by the rational progress of the welfare state and the sobering prospect of a cold war of indefinite duration. Nowhere will these conditioning influences be more apparent than in a budget in the year 1953.

Even the short span of years of the post-war period has brought a panorama of events moving with bewildering speed. On the tax side of Federal finance a brand new peacetime fiscal policy has been tried under a variety of circumstances; on the expenditure side the budget has been cut by two-thirds and then doubled again.

This new fiscal policy has involved the aggressive use of the tax system as a means of controlling economic development. It was first noted in the 1945 White Paper on Employment and Income, and its principal manifestation has been the emergence of large surpluses almost continuously in post-war budgets. This has been the visible outward symptom, but the inward details have been intricate and obscure. Whole phalanxes of new taxes have been manoeuvred into position overnight to attack specific objectives, such as the exchange emergency of 1947 and the inflation threat after Korea, and have been withdrawn just as suddenly. Elaborate structures such as deferred depreciation have been erected and dismantled at will. Direct economic controls in the defence period have been conspicuously lacking, and almost the whole burden of offsetting renewed defence outlays has fallen on fiscal policy.

FEDERAL EXPENDITURES



Note: 1952-3 and 53-4 are estimates only.

IN THE EYES of many economists this emphasis on the non-financial aspects of the budget is the path of enlightened sophistication. And by and large Canadian experience would probably support this view. Yet there are clear signs that the voters may have as yet not entirely understood or accepted the new policy. Indeed if they had, it would have represented an unparalleled triumph of cold, dull and technical theories over personal aspirations and well-ingrained hostilities towards the tax gatherer. Yet here is the very nub of the problem. Not for centuries has the state made as heavy a claim in peacetime against the citizens at large as today. And almost the sole means for enforcing that claim — which would be so much more easy to understand if it could be expressed as hours of work donated or months of "going-without" endured — is taxation.

The history of our times is almost epitomized in the requirement that the citizen pay increasingly heavy taxes of an increasingly intimate character for objectives which are increasingly remote and impersonal. When one considers that antagonism to the state is regarded as a healthy part of our North American tradition and that taxation is pre-eminently the symbol of state authority one can easily understand the wrath that frequently descends on the head of a Minister of Finance; particularly a Minister of Finance in the year 1953, when it is so easy to imagine that he is all that stands between us and a life of material wealth and leisure without precedent.

Whether Mr. Abbott's policy of debt reduction in good times will ultimately make more or less sense to the general public than the Opposition charge of over-taxation remains to be seen. Certainly a reduction of $2¼ billion in the war debt accomplished in the last six years has as fair a chance of being made look sensible as over-taxation has of being made look sinister. Furthermore the surplus has accounted for only the smaller part of postwar taxation. The harsh reality of the present prospect for continued heavy defence expenditures cannot be charged to the Minister of Finance.

It is difficult to conceive now that in 1947-48 our defence expenditures had declined to $200 million, and our total federal budget to about $2 billion. The chart that accompanies this article shows clearly the course of subsequent developments. From the level of $200 million in 1947-48 defence expenditure has increased ten times to a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

A NOTED AUTHORITY *on tax problems, Mr. J. H. Perry is Director of Research of The Canadian Tax Foundation.*

DIFFERS FROM HITLER'S

The Meaning of Soviet Anti-Semitism

by Claris Edwin Silcox

THE ONE PLACE, where most of us would not have expected a vicious new wave of anti-Semitism to break out, was in Soviet Russia.

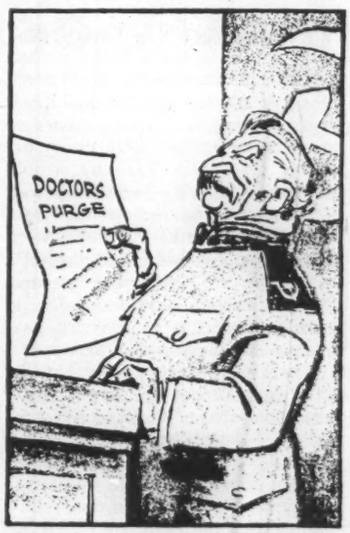
Had not Jews been prominently identified with the origin of the Russian Bolshevik revolution in 1917? Had not the constitution of the USSR, promulgated in 1936, specifically stated in article 123 that "the equality of the rights of citizens of the USSR, irrespective of their nationality or race, in all spheres of economic, state, cultural, social and political life, is an immutable law. Any direct or indirect restriction of these rights, or conversely, any establishment of direct or indirect privileges for citizens on account of their race or nationality, as well as any propagation of racial or national exclusiveness or hatred or contempt, is punishable by law"? (Too many people, to be sure, still believe that if a bill of rights is incorporated in the constitution, civil liberty is assured, and if anti-discrimination legislation is put on the statute books, brotherhood will dawn.)

And were not a great many of the non-Russian Communists, including those in Canada, Jews? Surely, Communist Russia, professedly drawing its ideological inspiration from the baptized Jew, Karl Marx, would not lead the world in a new resurgence of anti-Semitism!

Yet, that is precisely what seems to be happening, even though we might not agree with Governor Dewey that "Stalin has swallowed the last drop of the Hitler poison and become the newest and most vituperative persecutor of Jewry." Hitler's anti-Semitism was rooted in passionate hatred; Stalin's, in cold-blooded, calculating politics. It may, for that reason, be more possible to counter the moves of Stalin by some sort of political action, because Stalin may be more inclined to put the brakes on his anti-Semitism if he is convinced that it will not pay off.

IT IS necessary, however, to understand the cause of this new wave of hatred before we go off half-cocked in attacking it. And that task is not easy. It was difficult enough to understand historic anti-Semitism, especially since Jewish writers clung to the belief that the antagonism was mainly religious in its nature. It is more difficult to understand this latest style in anti-Semitism since the iron curtain seals us off from many facts.

One thing is certain. A wave of anti-Semitism has been building up. Ana Pauker, the former Jewish Foreign Minister of Roumania, has been expelled from the Politbureau and "fallen from grace". In Czechoslovakia, the Prague trials last November involved a majority of high-ranking Jewish Communists who were charged not only with "deviationism" but with being Zionists and "cosmopolitans". In Soviet Russia itself, there has been a series of measures circumscribing the activities of Jews and suppressing the use of Yiddish since 1948, when the tumultuous welcome given to Israeli's first ambassador to the Soviet by the Jews of Russia seemed to create a fear in the hearts of the Russian leaders that the Jews in the USSR had not been fully assimilated.



—Burck in the Chicago Sun-Times

"ALSO, we have invented anti-Semitism".

Now this is coming out into the open with Jewish doctors—there are reputedly 30,000 doctors of Jewish origin in Russia—being accused of conniving at the deaths of prominent Soviet leaders by deliberate malpractice involving faulty diagnosis and murderous prescription, as part of an international conspiracy.

Like so much else that comes out of Moscow, the accusations themselves seem to be phoney, especially in the light of the testimony of a Swedish doctor who was called into consultation in the Zhdanov case and states that he was the victim of incurable cancer.

If the accusation were true, it would indicate that at least some Russian Jews did not share the devotion to Communism which characterized the Rosenbergs in the United States and led them to betray atomic secrets to Russia. But the charges sound altogether too much like a frame-up.

What is behind it all? There are, generally speaking, three reasons given, the three of them fairly good yet none of them entirely convincing.

The *first* reason is that the Communists in the satellite countries have failed to provide the promised Utopia and are now looking for a scapegoat. In such situations, some Jew always seems to be on hand to serve the purpose. No one can doubt that, despite the huge potential resources of the new Russian Empire, the economic situation in the satellite countries in Europe is far from good. If the reverse were true, why should so many East Germans, Czechs, Poles, Roumanians and Hungarians risk so much to escape from their economic heaven?

The *second* reason is that the Russian policy is designed for international, rather than national, consumption. It is aimed primarily at the Moslem world. It may even be a bid for a share in the enormous oil fields of Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia.

In the present state of Moslem hatred of the Jew in general and of Israel in particular, an opportunity has been created for Soviet anti-Semitic propaganda throughout Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, the Sudan, Iraq, Iran and even beyond. Undoubtedly, since the Soviets love to fish in troubled waters, they hope, despite their haste to recognize the new state of Israel, to create some common bond of hatred binding Red interests with those of Islam.

THE *third* reason is somewhat similar to the second and concerns Germany. Russia is anxious to detach Germany, West as well as East, from any alliance with the NATO countries. What is more, there are evidences that the anti-Semitism of the Nazi regime is far from wholly eradicated, despite the expressed intention of the Adenauer government to pay over $800 million to Israel during a period of ten years—a kind of expiation for the sins committed by Hitler.

Though these three reasons may all be important, they do not satisfy Shlomo Katz, the managing editor of that brilliant journal of Jewish opinion, *The Jewish Frontier*. In the current issue, he says all three of them are lame and regards it as highly improbable that they were the chief motives of those who organized the Prague trials. Jews, he says, were not needed as scapegoats.

Nor was it necessary, he says, to lug in Israel and Zionism, for it would have been much shrewder and less dangerous for the Soviets to attain their ends by "voting in the UN for the internationalization of Jerusalem or the cession of territory by Israel to the Arabs". That would have poured oil on the Arab fires. As for the appeal to Nazi Germany, the Soviet Republic could have won its point more readily by "sponsoring the immediate unification of the country" and proving that they meant business.

Shlomo Katz believes that both Lenin and Stalin long, long ago, even before the revolution of 1917, faced the question whether or not Jews were to be regarded as "a nation without a national home". They answered with a *"nyet"*. This was when the Bund, an anti-Zionist Jewish socialist organization, sought admission as an "autonomous group" to the Social Democratic party of Russia.

Lenin and Stalin concluded that since "Jews had no territory of their own . . . there was no such thing as a Jewish people". They could not, therefore, be treated as a people. In 1903, Lenin had written: "The scientifically, absolutely unfounded idea concerning a distinct Jewish nation has a reactionary political significance". Katz adds: "The Master had spoken".

From this point of view, he sees the present situation as the logical se-

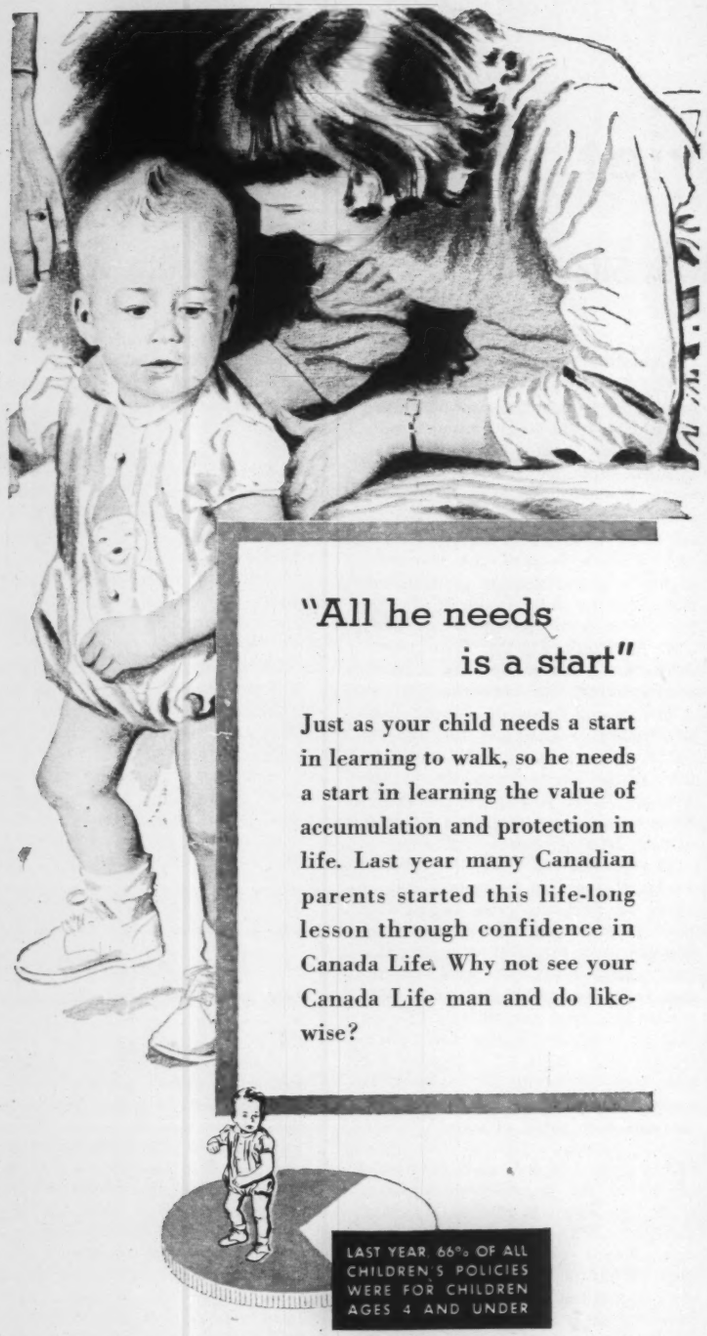
CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

The Record

AFTER the war the Soviets prevented the reopening of a single one of the 400 Yiddish schools which had operated within the USSR, a great many of them in the Western territories overrun by the German invasion. Then came the Zhdanov campaign against Jewish "cosmopolites." But it was in 1948, after the great spontaneous welcome given by Moscow Jewry to the first ambassadress from Israel, that a complete ban was placed on Yiddish culture.

That year the two remaining Yiddish dailies, *Einigkeit* and *Emes*, were closed down, as was the Moscow Yiddish Theatre and all publishing of books in Yiddish. The Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee, which had been very active during the war, was dissolved. A number of synagogues were closed. Moscow Radio's Yiddish transmissions were discontinued. Some Jewish professors were retired, and the *numerus clausus* (a percentage rule for the admission of Jews) was introduced into the universities. At this time, 1948-49, all Jewish diplomats were ousted from the Soviet foreign service.

In local papers, criminal cases involving Jews were played up, and where the defendants had Russian names their previous Jewish name was given in brackets. Tens of thousands of Jews have fled in terror from smaller centres, thinking they would be less conspicuous in the bigger cities, so that Moscow's present Jewish population is estimated at half a million. (From a report to the *Christian Science Monitor*, gathered from Russian Jewish sources in Tel Aviv.)



"All he needs is a start"

Just as your child needs a start in learning to walk, so he needs a start in learning the value of accumulation and protection in life. Last year many Canadian parents started this life-long lesson through confidence in Canada Life. Why not see your Canada Life man and do likewise?

LAST YEAR 66% OF ALL CHILDREN'S POLICIES WERE FOR CHILDREN AGES 4 AND UNDER

plan your future with confidence in

The CANADA LIFE Assurance Company

Automobile and General Casualty Insurance

Lumbermens MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY

Agency Inquiries Invited

E. J. FLORA, Asst. Secretary, Canada Life Bldg., Toronto, EM. 6-8611

Fire and Allied Lines Written in Associated Companies

THE SAFETY-MINDED COMPANY

MUSIC

Twelve Tone Scale In Opera

by Lister Sinclair

THEORIES about art are worse than useless. What we want is art itself. If it has been produced by means of a theory, well and good; if not, who cares? The important thing is the result. In all the arts, the end justifies the means.

As Tovey says in his excellent book "The Integrity of Music:" "A correct theory of art is not necessarily a practical method of producing works of art, any more than it is an element likely to appear explicitly in the result. It concerns criticism, not creation."

You will be relieved to hear that this is not the introduction to my new Compleat Theory of Musical Composition. It has to do with the Twelve Tone Theory, and Della Piccola's opera "The Prisoner", which shared CBC Wednesday Night with Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi".

"The Prisoner" is a Twelve Tone opera; that is to say, it is not written in the usual convention of Western Music of the last two hundred years or so. Rather, it is written according to a striking but inevitable theory explicitly set out in 1923 by Arnold Schoenberg, as a kind of summary of the technique he had in fact been using himself during the previous ten years or so. You will notice the music came first; the theory was intended, like all sensible artistic theories, to form a summary of good practice, not a statement of good intentions.

The Twelve Tone Theory is really an organized extension of the golden haze into which Wagner began to plunge his later work. Ordinary music is written in a key. When we are learning to play the piano we have to remember the key signatures.

This is all very well, but the important thing about the sense of key is that it declares that a certain note shall be regarded as umpire, and all other notes shall be referred to it for its opinion. This is the note that most pieces of music regularly end on. The other notes station themselves around this master note. It is a convention to which we have become accustomed that any given key will only use eight of the twelve semitones that make up an octave. We agree that certain ones shall normally be omitted, and when we want to use them, we call them accidentals. We can of course change from one key to another, though we usually try to get back to the original key for the very end.

This is the classic system of music, and classic structure in music does not really depend on arranging tunes, but in arranging keys. A Beethoven symphony takes us around a carefully arranged pattern of keys, returning us in a more or less spectacular and memorable way to the home key in time for a slap-up ending. The essence of music of the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth century is modulation: the artistic effect you get by shifting from one key to another.

But all this supposes a clear distinction between one key and the next. Wagner broke down this clear distinction and wrote music which sidled from one key to another in such an indefinable, yet charming way, that it was really impossible to say what key it was supposed to be in. And this sort of thing was taken up by everybody who followed Wagner, until Schoenberg made a system out of it.

He merely required that we should always use all twelve notes of the scale, (instead of just eight of them), and he set up a number of other rules designed to prevent us favoring one note at the expense of the others, and so getting a feeling of key in spite of ourselves.

THE PEOPLE who like this theory say that the music moves freely at all times; as it were, it strikes diagonally across Time and Space. The opponents say that it makes everything hideously monotonous. Schoenberg's architectural tour takes us around a building with all the insides torn out. There are no floors at all, and we just wander round in a vast uniform void.

But when in doubt about a theory of art, never argue about the theory. Argue about the works of art instead; then at least we shall have our eye on what really matters.

In this case, it is Della Piccola's opera which he wrote using Schoenberg's Twelve Tone System; but he wrote it in a fine Italian hand. The cold skeleton of the Twelve Tones is clad in warm flesh and hot blood descended from Verdi and Puccini and other Italian masters of the romantic.

I found the result very exciting. Perhaps you only found it Interesting, which is the word used in this business to mean Very Dull Indeed. Perhaps you found it vile, and outrageous, in which case I congratulate you on your convictions and call you out for pistols for two and coffee for one.

The opera itself, with all its energy and angularities, must speak for itself, but we certainly cannot ignore this Twelve Tone business. In the field of opera alone, it has already produced one first-rate masterpiece: Arnold Berg's "Wozzeck". Schoenberg's revolution is beginning to bring results; and the most significant thing about it is that Della Piccola's opera sounds Italian. It does not sound like Schoenberg himself; or Arnold Berg, or any other of the Twelve Tone men. This means that Schoenberg's system is not just an elaborate set of personal habits, all reduced to formal rules. It means it is an instrument for an artist's hand, and it can be picked up and used in whatever way the artist likes.

And this means that the Twelve Tone system must be considered a permanent part of the art of music. It does not replace the remainder. Instead, it adds another edged weapon with which the master can hew out his mighty trophies, and with which the laborious drudge can cut his clumsy fingers.

—International

UNCERTAIN COURSE: Neguib (left) and chief aide Col. Nasr first suppressed Nahas, then honored him (above), now suppress all politicians.

THE WORLD TODAY

No Ataturk for Egypt

by Willson Woodside

THE COUP D'ETAT carried out by a group of Egyptian Army officers last July looked for a time like an unusually high-minded effort, and its leader General Neguib an unusually attractive figure. He appeared modest, with no desire to be a dictator. He was honest and genial, and had his pleasant homilies about "remembering that the other fellow has his rights too", and about "carrying through an Egyptian renaissance through unity, discipline and work."

A Moslem, he showed a quite amazing tolerance in calling on the chief rabbi of Egypt and visiting a Jewish religious service, stressing that he regarded them as Egyptian citizens, and refusing to join the Arab League in a campaign of discrimination against them. In the same spirit he visited the Coptic Christians, and entertained Dr. Frank Buchman of Moral Rearmament.

Neguib took up the Sudanese question with what London acclaimed as "moral courage" and "statesmanship of a high order", resuming Egypt's former role in the condominium with Britain over the Sudan. He declared, at the end of October, that the statutes for Sudanese self-government which had been worked out by the British and Sudanese were a disinterested and forward-looking piece of policy, with which he would go along—subject to some amendments. From this there sprang great hopes in London that a reasonable agreement on Suez and a Middle Eastern Defence Organization might follow.

During this time Neguib had also originated a far-reaching land reform, which would divide up the large estates within the next five years, and allow for compensation of the present owners. He had suppressed an outbreak of street violence and arson in a textile town, and tried and executed two of its leaders. He had also arrested most of the well-known corrupt politicians and grafters, and deposed venal old Mustapha Nahas from the leadership of the great popular party, the Wafd.

As recently as January 4, Neguib made an earnest speech describing his program of economic and social reform, one that would need years of quiet conditions, large foreign investment and much technical help from the West. Then he went out eight days later to a great gathering of nationalist students celebrating the death of Egyptian "martyrs" in last year's guerrilla warfare against the British around Suez, and cried that they must "drive out the British or die in the attempt."

At the same time his chief aide in the Army Council which has been guiding the revolution, Colonel Gamal Nasr, has begun to shout for "Evacuation or War"; and another aide, Major Salah Salem, has triumphantly secured from the Sudanese parties an agreement which seems to undercut the British efforts to establish an independent Sudan. Put all this together with the picture above, of Neguib and Nasr honoring Nahas, and with the latest news of the suppression of all party activity for a three-year period, and the arrest of Col. Mehanna, and it looks as though the revolution was in uncertain hands.

The circumstances in which it started must be remembered. The *coup d'état* of July was plotted by an Army *junta*, not by Neguib. The *junta* chose Neguib and made him the leader, at the last moment, because he was a well-known and popular officer. They agreed—there are nine of them—to suppress their own ambitions, keep from making public statements on their own, and focus public attention on Neguib, so as to avoid jealousy and divisions.

Now there has been a serious split amongst the army leaders. Colonel Mehanna, it is true, was not one of the actual *junta* which carried out the coup; at that time he was kept by Farouk at a distant post. But he is regarded, and regards himself, as the real forerunner of the army revolt, and was signally honored by Neguib by being appointed as the army member of the three-man Regency Council which was to take over the functions of the deposed king.

Left out of the *junta*, which was the real ruling power in the country, Mehanna tried to make more of his role of regent than had been intended. He made public appearances and public pronouncements of which the *junta* disapproved, and finally, in mid-October, Neguib insisted on his removal. With him the public member of the Regency Council, Barakat, who is considered by some foreign observers as one of the most honest and able of all Egyptian politicians, also walked out.

This is what causes the most apprehension over Neguib's course: the alarmingly long list of good men with whom he has parted company. First came Aly Maher, whom he named premier immediately after the coup, and who put together a cabinet of what *The Economist* called "some of the best minds of Egypt." Five weeks later all but the able Finance Minister Abdel el Emary were booted out of office overnight, Maher being sent as Egyptian delegate to an Arab League conference.

Then Neguib proceeded to a grab-bag arrest of all manner of politicians and public figures. Under the excuse of "impartiality" he included the notably honest and able former premier Hilaly, and the man who restored order after the great Cairo riot of a year ago, the former Minister of the Interior Maraghy, along with the notorious Serag el Din who played the leading role in whipping up the passions which produced that riot, and many of his corrupt Wafdist associates. The best construction that could be put on these arrests was that Neguib intended to leave the parties free to produce new leadership.

In particular, Neguib seemed determined to bring about new leadership of the Wafdist Party, which had become a life possession of corrupt but popular old Nahas. Nahas and his clique defied the order to purge the party's leadership by removing themselves from office, declaring that "the Wafd still holds the leadership of the nation." Neguib then went to the people, to disprove it. Touring the big cities, the Wafdist strongholds, he was given a tumultuous welcome by the people, mobbed everywhere. In early October, the Wafd bowed, and Nahas resigned.

Then we have the episode of Neguib's visit to Nahas, his speech on moderate social reform, and his cry to the students: "Drive the British out or die in the attempt." And now the three-year suspension of all political parties, excused by the discovery of a "plot" to overthrow the government. The plot may have been real; it may well be believed that with such uncertain leadership many with political ambitions or concern for the country would be meeting here and there to talk about what should be done.

Neguib denied that there had been an actual attempt to overthrow the regime. Nasr said the plotters had planned to touch off demonstrations against Neguib within a few days, marking a half-year since the *coup d'état*. However this may be, the significant thing about the names of

—Miller

NEGUIB: Too tolerant for an Ataturk.

the arrested is that they include, among 25 officers and fifteen politicians, the most likely leader of a new military revolt, Colonel Rashad Mehanna, and the most dangerous political leader, Serag el-Din, former secretary-general of the Wafd. Serag el-Din, who had been arrested before with the announcement that he would be tried for corrupt practices, and then released, is again up for trial.

WHAT MAY APPEAR to the casual newspaper reader as decisive action by a new dictator thus looks on close inspection like just the opposite. Neguib appears incapable of strong, consistent action; and the Army support behind him shows signs of splitting. Whether it is because he is too pleasant and tolerant, or too unambitious, he does not show the attributes of an Ataturk, the "Grey Wolf" who carried through the revolution in Turkey a generation ago.

True, the economic situation has been most unhelpful to him. Under any circumstances very little could have been done quickly to relieve the desperate poverty of the masses and fulfil the hopes which had been roused in them. But as it happened, the effects of last year's Lancashire textile slump hit Egypt full force just when Neguib set out to improve things. British cotton purchases fell during the first 10 months of 1952 to one-fifth of the 1951 figure.

Accusations that this is a British boycott only fed the revolution which began with the guerrilla warfare against the British at Suez and the burning of foreign buildings in Cairo. This movement, which has already led to the deposition of the king and a promise of the division of of the estate of the rich, is not going to be stopped. Neguib seemed to hope to control it, and make it a moderate, "bourgeois" revolution, in which private property would be maintained and foreign capital and technical aid called upon. If it gets out of his hands and into less responsible ones, one can only imagine the fury which may be generated and the blood which will be spilled.

Colonel Nasr spoke recently of "pulling down the temple, so that the British will be destroyed with the Egyptians themselves."

LONDON LETTER

Crimson Velvet and Miniver Pure

by P. O'D.

EVEN if one's usual attire is an old tweed coat, with leather at the elbows, and a pair of grey flannel bags, even if one's boldest flights of sartorial ambition rise no higher than a dinner-jacket and a black tie, there is still something thrilling in reading of the dress regulations for peers and peeresses at the Coronation. The official list—a very long and detailed one, as might be expected—has been published by the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk. He is giving the noble lords and ladies plenty of time.

"The Robe of State of a Peer", we are informed, "is to be of crimson velvet, edged down the front with miniver pure, with a full cape also of miniver pure with rows or bars of ermine tails (or the like) according to degree—namely: Barons, two rows of ermine tails; Viscounts, two rows and a half; Earls, three rows; Marquesses, three rows and a half; Dukes, four rows". How do they arrange those half rows?

There is something very considerate about that "or the like" in connection with ermine tails. Ermine are very scarce little animals, and they have only one tail each. The thought of four rows of ermine tails, real ermine tails, would make even a duke shudder—certainly in these days of death-duties.

THE ERMINE tails, however, will in most cases come from that useful little animal that figures under so many different aliases in the furrier's list. So will the miniver, which is supposed to be ermine in its winter coat, but which is generally just rabbit—rabbit brought to a virginal whiteness and purity that seem startlingly alien to the usual preoccupations of rabbits.

Peeresses have the miniver and the ermine tails like the peers, but a further distinction between the various orders of nobility among the ladies lies in the length of their trains—all of crimson velvet, of course. Baronesses have trains three feet long "on the ground", as the careful direction lays it down. Viscountesses and Countesses each have a yard and a quarter; Marchionesses, a yard and three quarters; and Duchesses, two yards.

The regulations go on to state that "the Coronation dress worn by a Peeress with her robe consists of a kirtle of crimson velvet, bordered all around with an edging of miniver pure, scalloped or straight in front, or gathered back in three festoons, each tied with a bow of golden tinsel. The kirtle, which may be fastened down the back or the front, opens from the waist widening gradually down to the ground."

But here your correspondent feels that he is getting into regions of sumptuary splendor, where no mere man can be otherwise than dazzled and lost—unless, of course, he is an Earl Marshal.

Superb pageants are expensive things, and this promises to be one of the most superb in modern times. So on with the show in all its glory, and hang the expense! It is not often, even in English history, that there is a young and charming Queen to be crowned.

Soviet Anti-Semitism

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

quence of Lenin's misunderstanding of Jewish history. He distinguishes between Nazi and Soviet anti-Semitism in this rather striking way: the Nazis declared "that there *should be* no Jewish people" and proceeded to exterminate them; the Soviet declares "there *is* no such thing as a Jewish people."

This, of course, is subtle, but it may furnish a key to the mystery of many odd things behind the iron curtain from the break of Trotsky with Stalin, through the liquidation of many of the old Jewish Bolsheviks like Radek and Zinoviev in the purges of 1936, down to the dropping of Litvinov and the present ominous purging of Zionist suspects.

But there seems, to this writer at least, a somewhat simpler and less ideological explanation, if not for high Soviet policy, at any rate for Soviet feeling that an appeal to anti-Semitism may answer immediate needs.

In the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, too many of the participants were Jews and this led the non-Jewish world to swallow, hook, line and sinker, the devilish forgery of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" and to believe the worst. In Germany, between the world wars, the ubiquity of German Jews in high places, even though the total number of Jews in that country was only one per cent of the population, proved exasperating to the "Aryans" and their pride in German achievement. And in most of the Soviet satellites today, Jews have gravitated to centres of political power.

A PARAGRAPH in a report from Hungary in 1949, dealing with the church situation there, caught my eye:

> "In the turmoil, it has become possible for the numerically weak Communist party to fill all the strategic posts, judiciary, police, transport, press, and to wield great power as an extension of the USSR. *Because the general public comes in contact with the regime only through Jewish officials, one can hardly find Hungarians, even in the churches, who are not practical anti-Semites*".

We know, too, what happened to Mindzenty and Ordass and various other church leaders. The present premier of Hungary, Rakosi, and his deputy are both Jews!

Again, 11 of the 14 defendants in the recent Prague trial were Jews, prominent in governmental activities. And there was Ana Pauker in Roumania. In a previous and scintillating article in *The Jewish Frontier* for July, 1952, entitled "Run, Ana, Run", Katz thus addressed Ana: "What did you expect, that the mentality of the Roumanian people, shaped in the course of centuries to hate and mistrust the stranger—in this case, the Jew—would change overnight simply because the color of the flag had been altered?" He blandly compared her exploits with those of Magda Lupescu!

To sum it up, some Jews may have been too ready when liberation had come, to push themselves into positions of political prominence in a party which was really a minority, an unscrupulous though all-powerful minority. Their presence has accentuated the popular dislike of the regime and now the Communists find that their Jewish supporters are an embarrassment and must be thrown overboard to lighten the cargo of resentment.

If this is the reason for the present excitement, it makes the new tide of anti-Semitism explicable. It also suggests that a great deal is rotten in the satellite states of Eastern Europe.

—Jensen in the Chicago Daily News

"BACKFIRE"

—Bimrose in the Portland Oregonian

"BONING UP"

U.S. ALUMINUM PRODUCTION

Canada's Role Ignored

by R. L. Hoadley

THE U.S. SENATE-HOUSE Committee on Defence Production, in a long-awaited report on aluminum, neatly by-passed the three-year controversy over buying the white metal from Canada.

Other Congressional investigating groups, in the past have taken positions both pro and con on procurement of Canadian aluminum. But this subject was completely ignored in the new report. Now that Congress has failed to provide a signpost, defence officials will look to the Eisenhower Administration to chart their course.

The report lauded the aluminum industry and government agencies for the expansion and development since 1939 when the Aluminum Co. of America was the sole primary aluminum producer in the U.S.

By 1954, according to the report, there will be six aluminum producers in the field and production has increased ten times since 1939. While prices of aluminum are at the 1939 level, prices of steel, copper and other metals have doubled. Aluminum, the report said, has been "more plentiful and cheaper" than most other metals.

The committee warned that too many new firms in the industry might "block or discourage its further growth. There does not seem to be a need for all defence agencies to place creation of new competition ahead of all other considerations in determining the military aluminum program for the years immediately ahead."

The aluminum industry has been bedeviled for years by the cry of monopoly raised by the politicians. This committee gave the industry a clean bill of health on this score, saying that it found no evidence of monopolistic or non-competitive practices in the current tight supply situation. On the contrary, the group declared that the shortage of metal is due partially to the expansion of markets. And that expansion results from the vigorous campaigns of aluminum producers and fabricators. Such selling efforts, the committee declared, reflects "competition rather than monopoly."

Paying tribute to the defence agencies the report said that not a single aluminum fabricator had to go out of business because supplies were short.

What the report failed to say was that Canada and Britain had come to the rescue with aluminum when a power shortage impended and at other times when things looked dark indeed in that field. As long as the committee report had the earmarks of a mutual admiration society, the Canadian part should have been emphasized rather than ignored.

—Chambers in The Halifax Chronicle Herald

"I wish you'd stop trying to read between the lines!"

Purchasers and Distributors of Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities

Enquiries Invited

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA CALGARY
LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER OWEN SOUND
ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.

CONTINENTAL LIFE

MARKING ANOTHER YEAR OF SERVICE

Continuous expansion of service to old and new policyowners is reflected in the 1952 statement of the Continental Life Insurance Company.

- Over 60,000 policies for a total amount of almost $127,000,000 are now owned in this Company by Canadians, the average policy being $2,098.
- 5,719 new policies for a total amount of over $15,500,000 of protection were placed in force during the year, the average new policy being $2,714.
- Policyowners and beneficiaries received benefits from the Company in 1952 totalling $1,547,784. Under policies maturing by death or as endowments, the average amount of claim was $1,715.

The sound development of the Company is being accelerated to give the best possible service to present and prospective policyowners.

CONTINENTAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
An All Canadian Company — Established 1899

NEWTON J. LANDER, PRESIDENT
WALTER F. SMITH, VICE PRESIDENT AND CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

FOUR SQUARE

Head Office: TORONTO

RESOURCES OF CANADA INVESTMENT FUND LTD.
FONDS DE PLACEMENT DES RESSOURCES DU CANADA LTÉE

NOTICE is hereby given that a ninth dividend of SEVEN CENTS per share has been declared on the outstanding Common Shares of the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on 15th February, 1953, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st January, 1953, and to holders of Bearer Share Warrants on presentation of Coupon No. 9 on and after 15th February, 1953, as stated therein.

By order of the Board.
ADJUTOR SAVARD,
Assistant Secretary.
Montreal, Que., January 19, 1953.

Best sellers
in popular priced office furniture

desks
in wood and steel; flat tops, secretarial, all-purpose.

chairs
in wood, steel and aluminum; typists, posture, tilter, arm and side.

filing cabinets
in all sizes and styles to meet every filing need.

filing systems
"the brains" of every filing cabinet, and the best by far is DIRECT NAME—file or find in less than 10 seconds.

stop in,
phone or mail coupon for your free booklet
"BEST SELLERS BY OFFICE SPECIALTY," *today!*

OFFICE SPECIALTY Manufacturing Co. Limited
NEWMARKET, ONTARIO

Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet
"BEST SELLERS BY OFFICE SPECIALTY"
Name.....
Position.....
Firm Name.....
City.....*Zone*.....
Province.....

Saguenay: Valley of Power

by M. K. Zieman

THE PRESENT power output of 2,590,000 hp., in Quebec's Saguenay-Lake St. John area is tops for Canada, no one other area approaching it within 500,000 hp. The total generated at Niagara, on the Canadian side, with completion of the Sir Adam Beck-Niagara No. 2 project, will bring the total there close to 2 million horsepower. Ottawa river generating stations, including mighty "da Swishaw", produce a total of 1,170,000 hp; the St. Maurice—1,800,000 hp; the Beauharnois plant at the completion of present expansion will have a total capacity of 1,402,000 hp. And even Kitimat, in BC, with its tremendous future potential of 1,650,000 hp, will in its initial stage probably generate just 450,000 hp.

Peribonka No. 1 at Chute du Diable and Peribonka No. 2 at Chute Savane are costing in excess of $60 million and will produce a total of 540,000 hp. The five generators in Chute du Diable's power plant will be ready for operation early in 1953; those at Chute Savane (another five) will be producing power by April, 1953.

These two new dams are the latest link in the program of tremendous power development in the Lake St. John-Saguenay area, which began back in 1927 with the construction of the dam and power plant at Isle Maligne, where the Saguenay river flows out of the eastern end of Lake St. John. The some 240,000 hp generated there was the first power produced for the Aluminum Company's then new plant at Arvida, 60 miles east along the Saguenay. The vast Shipshaw-Chute à Caron development during the war years contributed another 1,540,000 hp.

ACTUALLY, the Peribonka dams, although 14 miles apart, lie almost directly opposite each other, if one drew a straight line across the open end of the 14-mile U-turn which the river makes between them. The base of this U faces northward, the two dam sites lie at opposite ends of the U's two uprights, which point south.

Engineers chose these particular sites, because in this narrower, upper part of the river beyond Honfleur, the Peribonka is little more than 200 feet wide. One-quarter mile below the second dam, the river widens out to nearly one-half mile. At both sites there were "chutes" or falls, where the water dropped some 20 feet . . . churning white in a narrow channel 60 feet high in midstream.

Before work on the dams could start, thousands of cubic yards of rock . . . some 675,000 at Chute du Diable . . . 500,000 at Chute Savane were blasted out in order to establish required levels for dams and powerhouses.

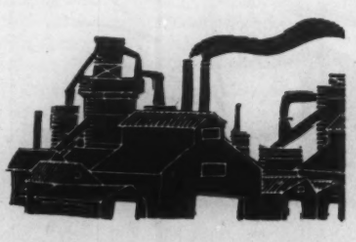
At both sites, a series of cofferdams were first constructed to divert the Peribonka temporarily from its course, while concrete footings for walls, bulkheads and powerhouse foundations were poured. From an overhead cableway at Chute du Diable, some 430,000 cubic yards of concrete went into the 2,200-foot-long dam, which rises 180 feet from its lowest point in the old river-bed. At this site, a rocky islet in midstream was actually incorporated into the dam. This island, reduced to the required level and topped with just ten feet of concrete serves as the base for the log-chute at Peribonka No. 1.

At Chute Savane, 14 miles farther downriver, the dam is the same height (180 feet from basic rock), but longer, 3,104 feet, for here two great 600-foot wing-walls serve to contain the lower end of the 14-mile long artificial lake, which now lies between Diable and Savane.

THESE two great dams on the Peribonka, both typical gravity sections are similar in construction—and to a degree, complementary. Both have six 45-foot-wide sluices with steel sluice gates. At both sites the level of the water on the upstream side of the dams was raised some 110 feet. Water flowing through the five turbines under this 110 head makes possible the generation of 275,000 hp . . . or a total of 550,000 hp for both developments.

Peribonka No. 1 at Chute du Diable saw its first power generated this past August, when the first of its five generators was given its trial run. Prime Minister St. Laurent was present on this occasion and afterwards made his Arvida address, which was broadcast.

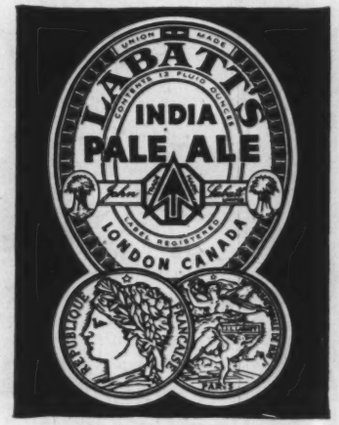
With a potential of 55 million horsepower—only a quarter of which is developed, Canada can look forward to ever-widening horizons of industrial expansion. But the Saguenay-Lake St. John area, with a present output of 2,590,000 hp has a head start. This country, on the strength of its hydro-electric power is today the second largest producer of aluminum and the leading world exporter. An increase in that production of some 100,000 metric tons, representing an increase of 20 per cent above the 1951 output, is expected to result from the recent power expansion program in the Lake St. John-Saguenay region.



It's a MAN'S work...

for a man's beer!

What you like in an ale and what a woman likes are not necessarily the same . . . so if you are looking for a man's drink with plenty of old-time flavour—hearty, zestful and satisfying—switch now to Labatt's* India Pale Ale . . . I.P.A. is a real *man's* drink. John Labatt Limited.



**The swing is definitely to*

LABATT'S

Wayne Orthodator
automatically mixes gas and air in any desired proportions.
Ask for Bulletin No. 115
Wayne Forge & Machine Company Limited
256 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

'53 AUTO INSURANCE

Rate Housecleaning

by G. L. Pratt

FOR THE FIRST time in years, Santa's bag of Christmas goodies lacked the usual wry gift for motorists: there were none of the customary newspaper announcements during December heralding auto insurance rate increases for 1953. For once the spirit of Yule was unmarred by widely advertised accusations that the driving public was the author of its own boosted rates — to be socked home for insurance after the turn of the year!

So much to the good. Perhaps hereafter the country's automobile policyholders will regularly receive their ill tidings at a more fitting season. When spring burgeons — and it seems that 1953 car insurance costs will be made known in April — the impact of bad news for the family exchequer is less stunning than when it is timed to crush the Christmas poinsettias.

But, let there be no mistake, auto insurance is going to cost most people considerably more money in 1953. The year just passed, according to jaded automobile underwriters, was an ill-starred one, redolent of red ink.

Executives charged with decisions affecting auto insurance are an earnest group of men with a highly perplexing and thankless job. Their deliberations are backed by a welter of statistical calculations that are the continuing concern of a special bureau. All insurance companies are required to furnish this bureau with complete premium, loss and expense figures related to their automobile insurance operations. Broken down by classification — type and use of each car insured — location and the various forms of coverage, these returns are the X-ray pictures upon which diagnosis of auto insurance ills are based.

LIKE doctors, automobile rate committee-men don't guess. Until the condition has been reviewed completely they will not write a prescription, hone a scalpel or say much about the patient's chances.

So far, an isolated release originating from the Dominion Board of Insurance Underwriters has appeared in daily papers noting that something new will be added for one class of motorist when the 1953 premium setup is unveiled in the spring. This is a new "No-Accident Discount Plan" that will affect rates for third party cover in the case of cars in the "pleasure only" category where no "under-25" drivers are involved.

The development is actually not a new one. It is the refined revival of a scheme as old as four wheel brakes —the "No Claims Bonus" idea, abandoned as impractical in the late '30's. Main feature of the projected discount incentive for "over-25s" who do their driving for pleasure only (are there *really* some of those people left?) is that there must be entire freedom from third party claims for the three previous successive years in order to qualify.

It may be confidently forecast that Canada will then be told its 1953 rates for third party and collision coverage have again been increased; that insurance agents country-wide will hear about a reduction in their remuneration for selling automobile insurance; that law enforcement, automobile design, highway planning and inflation will be named as accessories that have all helped a country full of inept drivers to write its own extra-fare insurance ticket for '53.

So, while 1953 auto rate prospects are by no means cheerful either for John Citizen or 20,000-odd insurance agents, there at last glimmers a ray of hope through the murk: automobile insurance interests now appear to be attacking a most burdensome problem realistically. For the first time it looks like a "rate housecleaning" is in the works—from the inside outwards.

Wake up

TO THIS WONDERFUL NEW DICTATING MACHINE

Time-Master

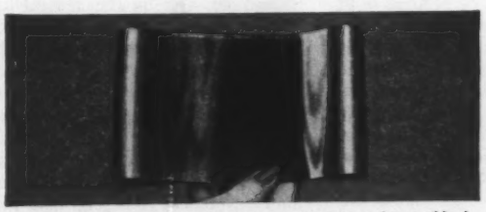
You'll rub your eyes with astonishment when you see and try the finest and most successful electronic dictating machine yet invented!

No bulk, no speaking tube . . . *nothing* old-fashioned about TIME-MASTER! You cradle the tiny microphone in your hand. Controls are within finger reach.

Only 4½ inches high, TIME-MASTER covers just the area of a letterhead and records on Dictaphone's exclusive recording medium—the *Dictabelt.*

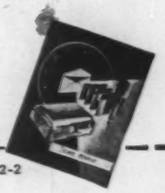
On red plastic *Dictabelts* your voice comes over crisp and syllable-clear. And these *Dictabelts* are so inexpensive that you use them only once. They may be transcribed, mailed or filed.

So new and different and better is TIME-MASTER that heads of nations, corporations, universities, and leaders in business and the professions have turned to it enthusiastically. Of course, such top-drawer personalities could get along without machine dictation. But they don't—once they've tried TIME-MASTER!



Red plastic *Dictabelts* exclusive with TIME-MASTER make possible the simplest, clearest dictation which secretaries transcribe today! They now cost less than ever!

What are you waiting for? The coupon will bring you full details promptly!



DICTAPHONE

THE GREATEST NAME IN DICTATION

TIME-MASTER—The Modern Way to Dictate

"Dictaphone" is a registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION LTD., Dept. SN-262-2
629 Adelaide St. West, Toronto 2, Ont.
Please send me my free copy of "Time Itself."

Your Name_____

Company_____

Street Address_____

City & Zone_____ Prov._____

GLASS in a modern world: Canada will soon be receiving British glass products in many new designs, both for the home and for industry. Canadian importers will be able to see these products at the British Industries Fair, held simultaneously at London and Birmingham April 27-May 8. Above, English designer is engraving one of the Coronation goblets, special souvenir of the great event.

RECOVERY IN SIGHT

Britain's Year of Transition

by John L. Marston

EVEN THE CRITICS of the British Government—of all shades of political opinion—admit that Britain and the sterling area made remarkable progress in 1952. The financial situation seemed almost desperate in the later months of 1951, but it was at least stabilized a year later. The question undecided at the end of the year was whether the recovery was fundamental or due to fortuitous and temporary causes.

The struggle in 1952 was to achieve solvency, and it was, indeed, achieved, but only by a drastic reduction of the import bill. The value of imports in the 11 months to November was £3,218m, compared with £3,603m in the same period of 1951. Britain seriously disturbed the export trade of various European countries, especially France and Italy, in the process of balancing her payments. But an important element in this economy of imports was the lowering of import prices. The benefit to Britain of the improvement in the terms of trade—for export prices in general were steady while import prices were declining—has not always been sufficiently stressed. Just as the preceding crisis was aggravated by the rise in import prices—without a corresponding rise in export prices—so the recovery has been assisted by price movements which are not directly influenced by British policy.

The task for 1953 is to achieve a substantial surplus on external account. The objective for the year mid-1953 to mid-1954 is a surplus of £300-350m, to be achieved not by reducing imports but by expanding exports outside of the sterling area. If the trend of the terms of trade continues in Britain's favor the task may be easier than it looks, for the required surplus can be realized with only a moderate expansion of exports. But some authorities believe that the high rate of industrial activity in the United States will hoist prices of raw materials and foods above the comparatively low levels which many of them have lately reached—with consequent benefit to the outside sterling area's dollar earnings but inconvenient effects for the United Kingdom.

THE principal uncertainty — even anxiety—for 1953 is the ability of Britain's export industries to hold and extend their markets. Official policy has shifted since the outbreak of war in Korea, first in favor of exporting consumer goods — because material shortages and the growing needs of rearmament would reduce the export surpluses of the engineering industries —then in favor of exporting capital goods—because it was evident that the export markets, having recovered from the fear of general scarcity, were not assured buyers of consumer goods. Metals and metal-based goods (mainly capital equipment) will soon make up a half of Britain's export trade, compared with not much more than a third before the war, when the total volume of the export trade was much smaller.

British industry has made a real effort in 1952 to adapt itself to the export markets' needs, knowing that competition will be keener in 1953. But keen competition implies a lowering of many prices; and at reduced prices it will be more difficult to expand the total earnings of the export trades. Moreover, much of the equipment that Britain will have to export to attain the financial objectives is equipment that British industry itself needs. The surplus to be made available for capital export must be a real surplus; otherwise industry will run into serious difficulties later by failing to maintain its physical assets in an efficient and competitive state.

The new monetary policy, which raised the cost of credit and more firmly controlled its use, was already taking effect at the beginning of 1952. It has certainly helped to restrict capital expenditure at home, but the long-term effects of that restriction are not all beneficial. The new policy has not so far provided more capital by promoting saving. In this sense, particularly, 1952 was transitional: it checked the deterioration of the country's economic position, but it did not consolidate the basis of recovery. In 1953 the Government will have to grasp the problem of internal finance; otherwise the problem of external finance will have been solved only temporarily.

THIS monetary policy has been partly frustrated by the Government's own failure to match its income and expenditure. There were murmurs of criticism among economists when the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused last March to budget for a deflationary surplus; and what has in fact appeared is a huge inflationary deficit. Well on the way to £1,000m before the end of the calendar year, it left no hope that a balance could be achieved in the final quarter of the Government's financial year. It will be in framing the next budget that the Government, pressed to make concessions to individuals and businesses whose prosperity has suffered in the period of adjustment, will need all its moral courage. Governmental spending will have to be drastically reduced; personal spending will have to be discouraged; saving, by companies and by individuals, will have to be promoted, with the aid of taxation policies which cannot be generally popular.

Only by sound finance can the country raise production, which during most of 1952 was lower than a year earlier, and reduce costs to truly competitive levels. Only by rigid economy can conditions be created for convertibility of sterling. Higher living standards are still some distance in the future.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK Ltd.

Philosophy Behind the Budget

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

level of about $2 billion — nearly as much as the whole budget of five years ago. Non-defence expenditure, after settling down at about $2 billion, has increased to a level that will undoubtedly be over $2½ billion in 1953-54.

The recent rise is accounted for largely by the introduction of universal old age pensions, by the entrance of Ontario into the tax agreement, and by the general influence of inflation on government costs. The overall budget, which five years ago was $2¼ billion, has more than doubled. A budget of $4½ billion seems to be with us to stay.

Our present defence effort is based on the three-year program launched in 1951. It had three principal objectives: first, to about double our armed forces, by increasing manpower from 47,000 to 115,000; second, to reconstruct the jerry-built wartime facilities for their housing and training and to take other steps to make a service life more attractive, and third, to replace World War II equipment with equipment of the latest available design. Early anticipations were that this program could be completed for about $5 billion. It now appears however, that inflation, the high costs of limited production and the fantastic expense of building complex modern armaments will probably put the total outlay beyond $6 billion.

What is more important for the future is that we are now in the business of defence on a permanent footing, at least until some remarkable change has taken place in the international atmosphere. Modern warriors are not girded simply by handing them a sword. Even to carry on a minimum program of equipment replacement as new designs are produced can run to fantastic sums, without counting the cost of clothing, feeding and training service personnel. To meet our obligations to the free world can well cost $2 billion annually for the years immediately ahead, and may not fall below $1½ billion in a decade.

Certainly there is room for savings in the defence program; it did not require Mr. Currie to tell us that. And Mr. Abbott will undoubtedly find room for some tax reductions in 1953; perhaps as much as $300 million. But this will only ease the harness where it is rubbing most. We may as well resign ourselves to the sober truth that we are in for a long pull.

Manning of Alberta

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

There is a feeling among many, not necessarily strongly opposed to Manning, that he has too great a control of the party. It is a fact that with a huge majority over a game but overwhelmed opposition, some freedom of criticism might be hoped for in the legislature. Yet generally the party moves with machine-like precision in discussion and voting, which is not, of course, peculiar to the Social Credit government.

Manning works very hard himself. As Provincial treasurer at budget time, he is frequently in the high-domed legislature building long after everyone but the janitors and late-working newspapermen have left. It is something of a labor of love, for he is proud of his fiscal policies.

When N. E. Tanner, Minister of Mines and Minerals retired last year after guiding the Province's oil program through the boom days, Manning took over that important and heavy responsibility. The loss of Tanner, incidentally, was the loss of the most highly regarded minister next to their leader. At a time when the export of natural gas from Alberta, both east and west, is an important issue, it was significant that Manning held the post for himself. The decisions made could have political effect federally.

FOR relaxation, the Premier has a farm on which he has some prize cattle and on which he likes to do some of the physical labor when time permits. In the summer he holidays on Vancouver Island with his two young children and is said to be a competent yachtsman, a sport he thoroughly enjoys. In 1947 he was seriously ill with a lung trouble but appears to have made a complete recovery. Although not robust physically, the slim young-looking Premier conserves his strength well despite many demands on his time.

As far as personal friends are concerned he has more admirers than close associates. Even cabinet ministers call him "Ernest" or, more frequently, "Mr. Manning" in private conversation. No one ever calls him "Ernie" the way CCF'ers call Premier Douglas "Tommy." Yet he inspires a personal loyalty from those who work with and for him even though they are not all believers in Social Credit.

In his public speaking, Manning is not a spellbinder nor does he have any notable spontaneous wit. However, he does have the ability to put his ideas across in simple terms. It is noticeable in covering his speeches that he often makes the same point two or three times using different approaches. He has a folksy approach, with one or two good stories at the beginning and interspersed through the address to lighten it.

In the 1949 Federal election the Liberals used, with some effect, the argument that there was no use voting Social Credit as it was only a small ineffective group in Ottawa. Manning told his audiences that after all they wanted Social Credit in Ottawa. "If you want to go to Lethbridge from Calgary and there is a small reliable bus going there, even if slowly, you take it and not the big, shiny bus that's going to Red Deer." And there was much nodding of heads at the sagacity of this observation, for Ernest has the knack of making the obvious sound profound.

THE ABILITY to juggle a political hot potato is not lacking either. In 1948 there was a strong demand for Government ownership of electric power facilities and an expanded program of rural electrification. The CCF was stumping for state ownership which would have been an expensive proposition. The rural vote in areas supplied from small, private power plants or without power were in favor and the cities and districts on power lines opposed.

It was something that amounted to an issue. Manning killed it quickly by calling a plebiscite. Let the people decide what they wanted and the Government would abide by their decision. He himself on the platform professed to be neutral but stressed the cost of taking over and expanding existing power facilities. The state ownership was narrowly defeated. The power companies stepped up their rural electrification programs and the issue eased as more and more areas got power.

On the question of monetary reforms, Manning has steadfastly maintained that he and his party have not forsaken their original beliefs. He can, and does, argue quite correctly that efforts to legislate for Social Credit on a provincial basis were thrown out by the courts as beyond the powers of a province. Therefore, the only thing that can be done is to carry on normally provincially and work to the day when the party is in power federally and would have the constitutional powers it needed.

YET to one listening to the one-time Bible student, who has now won praise for his financial acumen, his economic outlook is much more practical than that of many of his followers. If Manning, or Social Credit, moves into the Federal field on a really national basis it will be interesting to compare the new financial policies with those of the early days in drought-ridden, depression-desperate Alberta.

Political commentators, who have found that Manning is no spellbinder and no powerful evangelistic

personality, wonder what his strength is. It cannot be entirely dismissed by saying he has been lucky and that fortune smiled on Alberta just at the right time for him. The tie-up of religion and politics is a powerful one politically but regardless of what some people think, the fact remains that most Alberta voters and an increasing number of people elsewhere, are convinced of Manning's sincerity. No scandal has touched his Government and Albertans have long memories for scandals in previous governments.

THERE are plenty of grievances and legitimate complaints against the Government of Alberta. The Social Crediters don't care for opposition, tending to term it all "political". Manning, in a by-election speech, suggested that electing an opposition member to the house was merely sending someone up to hinder the Government.

Yet nothing succeeds like success. The Provincial debt was $165 million in 1935, is now just over $90 million and Manning has promised it will be retired by 1973. It could be paid off now except it is not profitable to do so. Most of the people in Alberta are too busy in their own boom-land to care much about Provincial politics as long as everything is going all right and the record suits most of them.

In the Federal field Manning would have to deal with many more complex problems both sectional and international on which he is not yet committed. Recruiting men of ability and appeal to the electorate could well be one of his greatest problems. He has established himself in the public eye as "a good man" and when politicians in other fields war on each other the voter is likely to turn to the lay preacher who has made good in the business world. That is Manning's strength, for his radio voice has made him familiar to many, rightly or wrongly, as the Christian among the politicians.

Toronto—Dialectic on the Don

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Toronto has always been a great city for spectacles and parades. Not the religious processions you see in Montreal or Quebec, but military ones, for the city is a bigger garrison town than New York. There's plenty of emotion when the regiments march down University Avenue . . . the Queen's Own Rifles bugle band swinging down the street with the setting sun glinting on their silver bugles and lighting up the drab olive green of their full-dress uniforms. The quick lilting step of the Rifle Brigade buttressing the tired old shoulders of the men on the sidewalks, and sending their memories back into the past—to the Riel Rebellion, the Boer War, Courcelette, Caen. And the Highland regiments, the Irish Regiment, Royal Regiment of Canada, Governor General's Horse Guards . . . all of them reflecting the fact that Toronto has more than met its quotas in every war up to now.

But why go on? Toronto invites hate like a puddle invites a kid in rubber boots. Toronto is money and brains, and it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than brains to be popular with the stupid and wealth to be popular with the poor. Toronto sits in the middle of the most heavily populated and wealthiest area in our country. One-third of the buying power of the whole Dominion is concentrated within a hundred miles. The gold and nickel from the North, the fruit from the Niagara escarpment, the farm produce from the Southern Ontario farmlands, flow to it in a never-ending stream. Its factories manufacture everything from self-propelled combines for Uganda to lipstick for the girls in Portage la Prairie, and from jet fighters to dog food. The advertisers are here, and the promoters; the gamblers and the gooks. Toronto is proud of its lace curtains and its good civic government, even though the City Council once tried to institute a by-law making the citizens walk to the right on sidewalks.

The average Torontonian is both a crook and a Christian, a broker and a broke, a merchant prince and a mail-carrier. He can be either a bird-watcher who peeks through bedroom windows or a bird-lover who shoots starlings. He may belong to the Hunt Club set, the Mixmaster and lawn-seed set in the suburbs, or be a member in good standing of the canned-heat club down behind the freight yards. Some of his money is made by investments in Western oils and Northern mines, but most of it is earned by his own sweat over a turret lathe, sorting counter or office desk. He may be the snooty guy next door or the happy little drunk on the St. Clair Ave. street car one night, jumping from his seat when the operator called, "Atlas!" and rushing into the aisle to pose as though he were holding up the world.

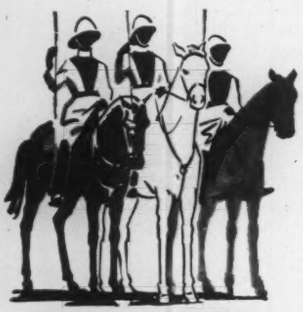
Whatever the Torontonian is, he is not what the critics think. In fact nobody could be that bad—not even one of the people who hate Toronto.

•

Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia (Reuters) — Two Africans today were charged with spreading a story that Britain's House of Lords planned to distribute poisoned sugar among Rhodesian natives. They were charged with mimeographing handbills warning that the poisoned sugar would make men important and women sterile. — *News item in Toronto Globe and Mail.*

Every man to his taste.

BUY YOUR NEW BOOKS
FROM
BURNILL'S
BOOKSHOP
100 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Mail Orders over $5.00 Postpaid



Trinidad and Tobago
British West Indies

MAGIC ISLANDS of vivid contrasts! Thrill to calypso rhythms, golden beaches, Moslem mosques, Hindu temples. Enjoy wide choice of hotels and guest houses . . . convenient air or sea transportation . . . *devaluated local currency.*

Trinidad & Tobago
Tourist Board

Dept. 15, 37 Board of Trade Bldg., Montreal, or see your Travel Agent.

Offices in N.Y., London, Port-of-Spain

"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

BOOKS

Observations on Yeats' Plays

by Robertson Davies

A KEY TO THE NATURE of the best plays of W. B. Yeats may be found in the prologue to the last of them, "The Death of Cuchulain"; the cantankerous old man who is the speaker says, "I wanted an audience of fifty or a hundred, and if there are more, I beg them not to shuffle their feet or talk when the actors are speaking . . . If there are more than a hundred I won't be able to escape people who are educating themselves out of the Book Societies and the like, sciolists all, pickpockets and opinionated bitches". The appearance of the "Collected Plays of W. B. Yeats" gives the present writer a chance to express some opinions about these plays simply as pieces for the theatre, regretfully aware as he is that in the judgment of Yeats he would certainly figure as an opinionated bitch.

Much has been written about these plays as poetry, and the grandiose vocabulary and refined sensibilities of the literary critics have frightened the theatre people into silence. Fine and enlightening things have been said about Yeats as a dramatist by such writers as Mr. F. R. Leavis and Mr. Raymond Williams, but they have not a word to offer to anyone who might wish to put a play of Yeats on the stage. And the stage is where they belong. Yeats wrote most of them for the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, of which he was the artistic dictator, and they were played there with varying degrees of success. If these plays are meant for any theatre but the Abbey, what kind of theatre must it be, what kind of actors must it have, and where will it find an audience? If Yeats was really a playwright, and not a poet amusing himself in a playhouse, what sort of playwright was he?

He was decidedly not a playwright of the first rank, and perhaps not of the second rank. Because he was a great and determined innovator who brought poetry back into the theatre, his poetic dramas have been overpraised, out of gratitude. But as a playwright—as a man, that is to say, who stirs audiences to mirth, and pity, and terror—he is not in the same class as Ibsen or Strindberg, to name two of his contemporaries, or Shaw or O'Casey, to name two of his countrymen. He might have written plays as good as theirs if he had wanted to do so, but it never appears that Yeats wanted to excel as a playwright; he seems to have looked on the writing of plays as part of the work of a poet, which is only true in the very broadest sense.

HE WROTE MUCH CRITICISM in which he found fault with the modern theatre, and he sought to reform it by driving a large part of the modern theatre audience away. Some of his early plays make concessions to the taste of the ordinary theatre-goer; "The Land of Heart's Desire" is such a piece and so is "The Countess Cathleen"; he turned against these, thinking quite rightly that he could do finer work. But he made it clear that his later, finer work was not for the general public; it was for fifty or a hundred sympathetic listeners gathered, not in a theatre, but in a large drawing room or a studio. There was much of Coriolanus in Yeats, and he would make no concessions to the mob or the temper of his time.

As he was hard upon audiences, so also was he hard upon actors. They were required to be, first and foremost, great speakers of verse. He disliked gesture and once tried to persuade a theatrical company to rehearse cased in barrels, so that they could not move about the stage unless he pushed them bodily, and so that they could not use their arms at all. He disdained the aids of costume and lighting, lest they take attention from the words.

Now anyone who has tried to work seriously in the theatre will sympathize with Yeats up to a point. Large audiences are likely to contain many idle and stupid people who want to be amused on a low level and who (without using such blunt terms) think of actresses and actors as harlots and clowns. Actors are often vain and silly, and try to cover up the fact that they do not understand what they are saying by waving their hands and striking postures. Good speakers of verse are rarer than people who can play the piano like Myra Hess.

Further, the economics of the modern theatre is ridiculous; and a play is accounted a success only if it will make great sums of money for investors (which means running continuously for a year at least) and if it can provide huge wages for large numbers of artisans who are uncreative and often unnecessary. The poet's play is the joke of the producers' offices, and for every "Cocktail Party" or "The Lady's Not For Burning" there are a hundred poet's plays, not quite so good but still of high merit, which cannot expect a hearing unless played by amateurs.

Yeats' rebellion against the commercial theatre, then, was commendable, but it does not explain the special quality of Yeats' plays. Ben Jonson despised his audiences, but he packed the theatres; Shaw was far more of an innovator than Yeats, but he forced his innovations upon the protesting commercial theatre, and won. Yeats was a great artist but he was no artificer, and his plays are short because his dramatic Muse was short-winded. He could provide an intensely and magnificently dramatic twenty minutes, as in "A Full Moon In March", but he would not or could not plan a complete tragedy.

It has sometimes been said that the unfamiliarity of the Irish mythology which is the climate of so many of Yeats' plays makes them difficult for audiences. But is it not as likely that a dramatic poet of the first order would have either made the mythology comprehensible, or made it unimportant? Ibsen, who was a far greater poet than translators have shown us, made all of Europe swallow what was unfamiliar in "Peer Gynt" because he was a master dramatist, and also because *he wanted to do it.*

Perhaps that is the secret of Yeats. He did not really care whether his plays gave delight or not. Thus he remains the great lyric poet of an era, but a dramatist of historic, rather than artistic, greatness.

YET WE MUST REGRET that there is no theatre where we can see the plays of Yeats. Amateurs occasionally set upon one of them, and worry it, but they cannot speak verse and are awed by their own spiritual grandeur in tackling a "difficult" play. Music does not suffer under the same disabilities; if we want to hear Bartok quartets, there are admirable musicians who will play them for us. But in the theatre, if we want to see a minor work of fine but fragile quality the large playhouses have no use for us, and we must see a performance, often hastily prepared, which is far below the desert of the author. Radio might have some place for the works of Yeats, just as it might for the dramatic monologues of Browning, but where are the speakers to be found? And radio, far more than the theatre, is the slave of the mass audience.

Let the literary critics, then, write as they will of the plays of Yeats; the man of the theatre will admire them but fight shy of them. They are hard to perform, and when performed it is doubtful if they give enough satisfaction to audience or actors to be worth the trouble. This is regrettable, but the theatre is a vulgar art; its vulgarity has been its strength, even though it has deprived it of much that is beautiful, including frequent and excellent performances of the plays of W. B. Yeats.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF W. B. YEATS — pp. 705—Macmillan—$4.00.

In Brief

by T.J.A.

LOVE AND FEAR — by Elizabeth C. — Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins—Clarke, Irwin pp. 316—$3.25.

FROM the muted living of a tuberculosis sanitarium comes this ineffably sweet and poignant *andante con amore,* written to her dearly beloved by a French girl stricken at 20 with tuberculosis. In the letters and some selections from her diary and letters written to others, Elizabeth C. lays open her heart, her passion, her

love and her fears. A foreword by the recipient of the letters tells that she was a reserved person, remarkably gifted. Her gifts of mind and soul, and her reserve in these letters not intended for public eyes, create a literary and human gem of purest ray. Her youth, her quality and her passion for life and love, etched by the fear of suffering and death, make its radiation lambent.

The "Lisou" of the love letters and sanitaria reminds one of another Elizabeth—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and of Browning's lines: "Infinite passion / And the pain of finite hearts that mourn". Elizabeth C. died in November 1945 at the age of 22. She had an artist's hope of not being forgotten, of leaving behind some work of importance. This is a work of importance to all who yearn and love, transcending Elizabeth Barrett Browning in its tender young passion and intimacy. Who can forget the gay and dying Elizabeth of these letters, immortal in the purity and beauty and compulsion of love's desire and life's frustration?

MA-RAI-EE—by Chin Kee Onn—*Clarke, Irwin —pp.256—$3.00.*

THE OTHER half of any world is always bizarre; to discover it, in a novel in which a selective eye has heightened truth, is fascinating. This is a story of Malaya under the Japanese occupation. The author, a Malayan Chinese, lived there throughout the terror.

Here in Canada our interest and emotions have been caught by post-war personal accounts of enemy occupations in Europe. The war in the Orient and its racial tensions may be as important to us. This novel makes the importance vivid, told as it is out of dire personal experience. The frightfulness is softened by exclamation points and the Malayan point of view. There is, for instance, the account of the narrator's torture and interrogation following the killing of Michiyako, a Jap Himmler, and of the sweets of revenge when Flying Fortresses were getting the upper hand.

Ma-rai-ee was the name given to Malaya by the Japanese during their occupation from December 1941 to August 1945.

KINGSTON, THE KING'S TOWN—by James A. Roy, pp. 364, xvii—*McClelland & Stewart—$7.50.*

AN excellent account of one of the oldest and the most interesting cities in Canada, this is written by a former professor of English at Queen's University. At once lively and scholarly, it covers its strong skeleton of fact with a rich integument of gossip and curious lore, and presents a picture of life in urban Canada through three centuries which is equalled, so far as we know, in not more than half a dozen other books. We lack first-rate local histories, and although this book is of interest far beyond the city which it chronicles, its first and best claim to attention is as an admirable account of a community worthy of serious scholarly and literary attention.

THE BALLET ANNUAL—edited by Arnold L. Haskell—pp.144 illustrated—*Macmillan — $5.00.*

AS A RECORD and year book for ballet enthusiasts this seventh volume maintains its high standards. Reports on ballet are given from Sadler's Wells, Ballet Rambert, from Paris, Denmark and Australia. Of special local interest is the report on Canada's National Ballet Company, by Celia Franca. Refreshing amid the usual orchidaceous style used by people who write about ballet is a dispute in letter form between Alan Dent the theatre critic (against ballet) and Arnold Haskell (for it, naturally); Dent comes out second-best.

As usual the book is heavily illustrated and most of the pictures are first-rate, even if those of dancers in mufti are disenchanting. Useful as reference and pleasant to read.

THE SOJOURNER—by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings—*S. J. Reginald Saunders—pp.327—$4.50.*

FIRST NOVEL in ten years by the author of "The Yearling" this tells of the life and family history of a sensitive son of the eastern American soil, from 1860 to the last war.

Asahel Linden's mother was a mad and evil woman. His beloved elder brother was a flitter and ne'er do-well. His eldest son became a crooked rich boss on the West Coast, dominating all the admiring family but good Ase. Ase found some happiness with his wife, an able, gay and pretty woman, whom he much loved, but she could not return his affection. The gangling, inarticulate farmer with the heart of gold had affectionate understanding from his youngest daughter, from a minstrel Irish drunkard who did chores in the district, and from vagrant gypsies and Indians who fired his imagination and solaced his youth, giving help in hard times in his maturity. Even his cherished acres did not become his own until age and death were upon him. The novel is a brown braided rug of American farm life, well sewn, strongly patterned—as in the characterization of the mad mother.

Ase is not too good to be true but too dumb to be true or to be the hero of a story. Let not ambition mock useful toil and destiny obscure, yet even Ase should yelp at his fate and family once in a while, instead of slinking wordlessly to the barn and his flute. He did, after all, become a successful farmer. Books were available. He should have been able to find words to express himself to others than Indians, gypsies, and a drunkard, instead of letting the author say: "He longed to say", or "He wanted to say", and then saying it for him.

This public address system becomes a bit tiresome. The author does not convince us that Ase is not a stupid ass in allowing the lien his missing brother has on his heart and property for sixty years. One comprehends his tolerance for his mad, hard mother, but not for the strings that bind him to his brother.

A. E. W. MASON: The Adventure of a Story-Teller—by Roger Lancelyn Green—*Clarke, Irwin—pp. 266 indexed—$4.50.*

A. E. W. MASON was a famous English story-teller for sixty years, his most enduring novel being "The Four Feathers". The biography has the aura of a work of piety and of a gambit by a research scholar in want of a popular vehicle. The result is an informative, superficially thorough account of Mason's life and work—including estimates of the novels' literary structures—but it is somehow bloodless. Well, we have had plenty of leeches sucking notable private blood for public lechery, so we should not complain that Mason's private life is not bared to the ventricles.

But one wonders what kind of literary acolyte lets this pass without further comment: "In the period of the Great War, Mason was in and out of love with gay abandon". Bachelor Mason was in his fifties then, a *bon vivant*, not a puppy. More intriguing than accounts of Mason "taking his place in the society of his literary peers, in the world of big houses and high society" and looking 40 instead of his 55 years, is this sort of detail: At the outbreak of war in 1914, when the government was considering its propaganda, a conference of authors was held. "Mason and Barrie were present, besides a goodly gathering which included Arnold Bennett, Robert Bridges, G. K. Chesterton, Conan Doyle, John Galsworthy, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, J. W. Mackail, E. V. Lucas, John Masefield, Gilbert Murray, George Trevelyan and H. G. Wells". A goodly gathering.

At one time and another in his long career, A. E. W. Mason was a mountaineer, explorer, yachtsman, Member of Parliament, and Major in the secret service. It is not for these, his boyish charm or his famous laugh that he should be remembered, but for his rattling good stories and the fact that he made a fat living and a place in society for himself out of them. He was present at the execution of Mata Hari and on the trial run of the Queen Mary.

RACING WITHOUT TEARS — by Caroline Ramsden, illustrated by Marguerite Steen—pp.92—*Clarke, Irwin—$1.75.*

THE WRITER of this racing glossary is a director of the Manchester Race Course, and an introduction to her book is written by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who knows a lot about racing. Serious in intention, but relieved by pleasant flashes of wit, the book is a guide for people who like the races but are confused by racing terms. If you are the kind of person who talks about "a filly who has been added to the list", or if you don't know a "head" from a "neck", you need this book badly. Amusing illustrations.

FILMS

On the Mayflower

by Mary Lowrey Ross

IT IS ONE of the disadvantages of the star system that a single strong actor can dominate a whole production. When he appears the interest quickens and mounts. When he withdraws and the plot and young lovers take over, the interest tends to collapse.

Stars of this type don't steal scenes. They steal the whole production. The mere sight of the late Walter Huston's knobbed and supple and always freshly engaging face was enough to draw a whole picture out of focus. Greta Garbo, with a single flicker of lips or eyelids could diminish any player in the cast. Ethel Barrymore, simply by her screen presence can capture almost any scene, and usually does, even when it is hardly worth her queenly attention. Time after time one has watched some crafty old character actor, (e.g. Charles Coburn or Edmund Gwenn) put a relatively worthless picture in his pocket and walk off the screen with it, leaving us with nothing to hope for except his return.

Spencer Tracy doesn't steal pictures, however. He simply appropriates them, apparently without deliberation, by the sheer strength of his invincible personality. When he is cast with another invincible personality, such as Katharine Hepburn, we have a fascinating tension of opposites, which usually works out to the advantage of both. But when, as in "Plymouth Adventure" he plays opposite a star of limited talent (in this case Gene Tierney) the production is thrown noticeably off balance.

BEFORE the picture is over poor little Miss Tierney is awash in the Atlantic, and nothing could matter less. All that counts is that the tough and godless Captain Christopher Jones (Spencer Tracy) should ride to anchorage in a calm harbor of faith and brotherly love. The object of the Pilgrimage, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, their life in the strange new wilderness, even a spectacular storm at sea—all these elements become secondary to the ultimate conversion of Captain Jones.

Spencer Tracy is probably the one actor in Hollywood who could make this phenomenon seem anything but embarrassing on the screen. In Tracy's hands, however, the transformation becomes not only acceptable but moving. He has touched the conventionally complex character of his tough seaman with his own special quality of imagination and rugged simplicity and Captain Jones becomes alive and vivid. But he has done it, perhaps unconsciously, at the expense of almost everyone else aboard the Mayflower.

The passenger list here includes Van Johnson and Dawn Addams as John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, Noel Drayton as Captain Miles Standish and Leo Genn as William Bradford, the Colony's first Governor. With the exception of Leo Genn who

FROM NOW ON . . . . you'll love to slip into a printed silk as delightfully fresh as the first hint of Spring. You'll find many such prints in our St. Regis Room on Fashion Floor, The Third.

SIMPSON'S STORES AND ORDER OFFICES SERVE CANADIANS FROM COAST TO COAST

manages to stand sturdily on his feet through most of the story, the rest of the cast go down like nine-pins before Spencer Tracy. This makes it a very uneven film, alternately blurred by super-production and sharpened by the Tracy performance into detailed and exciting focus. Since Actor Tracy is well to the fore most of the time the good moments predominate and make "Plymouth Adventure" well worth seeing.

The dominating character in "The Importance of Being Earnest" turns out to be the author, Oscar Wilde. In deference to Dramatist Wilde, Director Anthony Asquith has presented the nineteenth-century comedy as closely as possible in the form, and even the format of the original, with heavy stage curtains to open and close the action. Director Asquith has also paid unfaltering respect to Wilde's perverse talent for creating epigram rather than character, and is ready to bring everything to a halt at any moment while the characters step up to the camera and resoundingly deliver their turn-of-the-century lines.

IT IS doubtful if "The Importance of Being Earnest" could have been presented in any other way, since the characters here, like the witnesses in Carroll's Trial scene, are nothing but a pack of cards. Without the prop of Wilde's period wit they would all fall flat on their faces before the second act. The performers (Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Michael Dennison, Edith Evans and Margaret Rutherford) recognize that they are on hand for their lines, and mustn't risk the loss of a single balanced structure; and as a result nothing is thrown away in the careless modern fashion, every witticism and epigram is lovingly "produced" for the admiration of the audience.

While it is difficult to imagine how the Wilde play could possibly have been done any better, one is still left wondering whether it was worth doing at all. At its best "The Importance of Being Earnest" is largely surface without content, and now after half a century even the surface effervescence has subsided. However the performers appeared to be enjoying themselves thoroughly, particularly Edith Evans who, as Lady Bracknell, booms out her lines, *con brio*, and seems at moments almost to have convinced herself that she is playing Pooh Bah in "The Mikado".

The costumes, Edwardian rather than Victorian, are charming, and the whole play has the air of a special confection, erected bit by glittering bit and topped in the final sequence by a wonderful spatter of epigrams. It is all done with *grand éclat*—or, more strictly, in the malapropism of Ring Lardner, with *grand éclair*.

•

Correction

IN THE figures of the 1925 election, given in "A Gamble and the Constitution", January 3 issue, the Conservatives should have been credited with 116, not 119.

WORLD OF WOMEN

FIGURE SKATING IN TOP CIRCLES

by Margaret Ness

FIGURE skating isn't all graceful leaps and twirls. To Frances Dafoe it's two broken ankles. To Norris Bowden it's a job with sufficient free time for practise. And it has landed them in Europe, twice.

Last week they were practising at St. Moritz, Switzerland, to get used to the high altitude. This week they moved down 1,000 feet to Davos where the World Figure Skating Championships will be held from Feb. 9 to 15. Frannie and Norrie hold the Pair Championship of Canada.

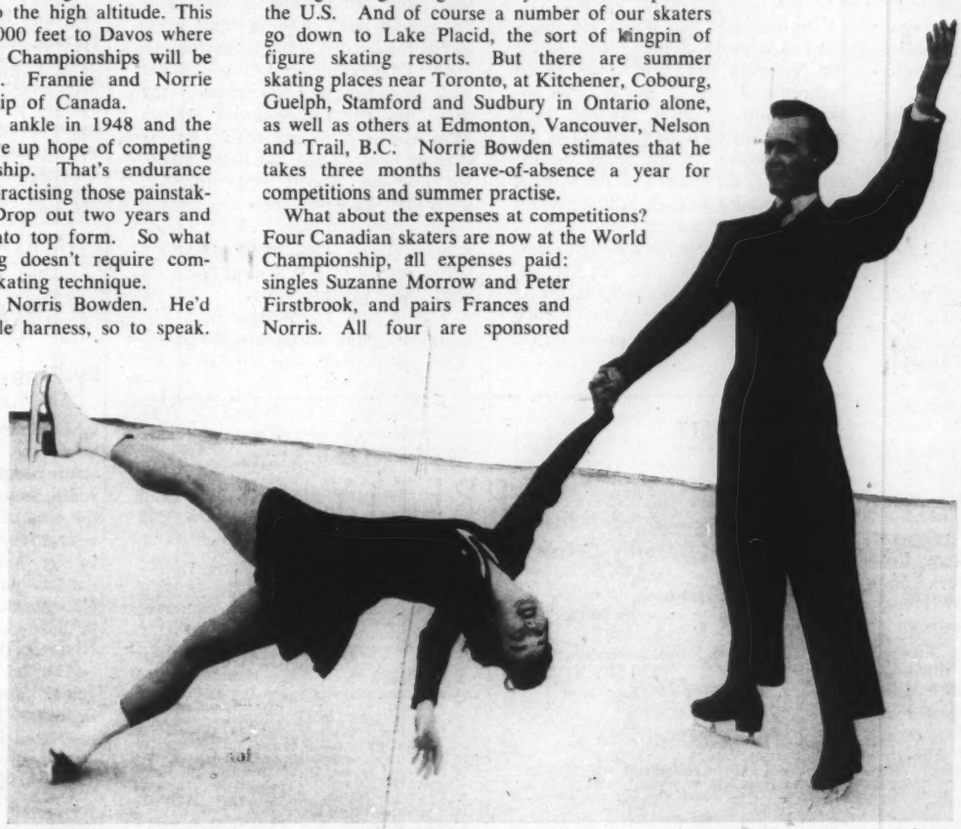
When Frances broke an ankle in 1948 and the other the next year she gave up hope of competing for the Singles championship. That's endurance stuff, hours and hours of practising those painstaking compulsory figures. Drop out two years and it's difficult to get back into top form. So what to do? Well, pair skating doesn't require compulsory figures, just free skating technique.

And there at hand was Norris Bowden. He'd even been broken to double harness, so to speak. For in 1945 he and Suzanne Morrow had won the Canadian Junior Pair Championship; then he'd gone on to become Senior Men's Singles champion. But meantime he'd graduated from the University of Toronto with a M.A. in Commerce and found a job selling life insurance that gave him a sort of elastic time schedule. Appointments could be made to see prospects at night. But it wasn't quite enough for singles practise. So he and Frances joined forces, entered the Waltz competition —which they won— and ended up last year as Pair Champions. Last year they represented Canada at the Olympics (placed fifth) and at the World (placed fourth) championships. There they had a chance to meet other well-known international skaters.

Frannie and Norrie tell the intriguing story about the brother-and-sister pair champions from Hungary who placed third in the Olympics. It seems the Iron Curtain countries are so solicitous about their athletes that they make the manager responsible for their safe delivery home. The manager in this case stuck to the sister. He knew the brother wouldn't skip off without her. But when it came to the World Championship in Paris . . . well, that was too far away even to trust the manager, so Hungary wasn't represented.

Competitive figure skating is an expensive avocation. It's one of the few sports where you have to keep in trim winter and summer. No crowded intensive few weeks before a competition will do. So you pay a Senior pro around $9.00 an hour for lessons; you wear out an expensive pair of skates a year; you have to rent extra rink space for practise. Summers you even migrate to one of the summer locales where ice and a pro are available. A popular spot is Schumacher, Ont., with its five professional teachers. There the McIntyre Arena was a project sponsored by the McIntyre Mines for recreational purposes for their employees. The arena is glad of the summer revenue from the skating throng. A great many even come up from the U.S. And of course a number of our skaters go down to Lake Placid, the sort of kingpin of figure skating resorts. But there are summer skating places near Toronto, at Kitchener, Cobourg, Guelph, Stamford and Sudbury in Ontario alone, as well as others at Edmonton, Vancouver, Nelson and Trail, B.C. Norrie Bowden estimates that he takes three months leave-of-absence a year for competitions and summer practise.

What about the expenses at competitions? Four Canadian skaters are now at the World Championship, all expenses paid: singles Suzanne Morrow and Peter Firstbrook, and pairs Frances and Norris. All four are sponsored by the Canadian Figure Skating Association.



—J. A. Dobson

PAIR CHAMPIONS of Canada: Frances Dafoe and Norris Bowden of Toronto are at World Championships.

Now suppose you are a really good figure skater and have been a runner-up at the annual Canadian Championship. Could you toss your skates into your overnight bag and dash off to Davos? Even if you are willing to pay your own way? I'm afraid not. In figure skating as in any competitive international sport, you have to be "approved" before you can enter. If you think you have a chance of making a good showing, you can ask the CFSA for official recognition. If they give you their blessing, you can start packing. But you pay your own expenses. And over there now on that footing are Vivi Smith, Mary Kenner and Peter Dunfield.

All six contestants are Toronto skaters. Vivi belongs to the Granite Club; the others to the Toronto Skating Club. It's just coincidental that they all come from one city. Next year the best skaters who can afford the time off to go might be from Vancouver, Ottawa, Winnipeg or any one of the many Canadian cities with skating clubs.

Although Frannie and Norrie won't be footing their own bills, they will be paying the way of Sheldon Galbraith. He's been their one and only coach. They believe it's best to stick to one "teacher". Barbara Ann Scott had two, it's true— Galbraith and Otto Gold. But Dick Button of the U.S., the top Men's Singles for practically any title you can name, has kept to one pro.

Frances Dafoe is the daughter of Dr. W. A. and Mrs. Dafoe and niece of the famous Dr. Alan. It's rather startling to enter the Dafoe living room and see over the fireplace the Palmolive - Peet painting of Dr. Alan and the five little girls that for years stared out at you from advertisements. Dr. Alan left the picture to his brother.

The Dafoes have two dogs. We met the silver poodle "Thor"— so called because he creates a lot of noise— but who is registered under the more Frenchified name of "Petit Gamin". He was most friendly. But we missed "Odin", a streamlined Manchester terrier.

But figure skating isn't all competitive. Back about 1887 Lady Minto held a genteel skating party at Ottawa's Rideau Hall. The first skating club was the Victoria Club in Montreal. The Toronto Skating Club came along in 1885 when Miss May Dawson brought the idea back from a visit. It was an immediate social success, complete with a Carnival. Actually only four or five could waltz; the rest just skated around in fancy costumes. But the spectators cheered.

Colonel Arthur E. Kirkpatrick was chief instigator in selling shares for a permanent club home and in 1921 the present buildings were completed.

I remember the first time I saw colored ice. It was in the late 1930's at Lake Placid. There were red frogs spraddled out in the four corners of the rink. But the Toronto Skating Club was using colored ice back in 1927.

In many early carnivals, skaters showed off the hardest figures. It became a bit monotonous to watch nothing but twirls and leaps. Then, too, they wore a more or less regulation costume. The women might vary for color but the men were usually in black. I've been told the first to introduce a new note were Pair Champions Marion MacDougall and Chauncey Bangs of the Minto Club. This was in the 1920's. Miss MacDougall appeared in a skating version of an afternoon frock and Mr. Bangs wore a dinner jacket.

But competitive or carnival, figure skating is a fulltime pastime.

LONDON ADVENTURE

A VISIT TO BLOMFIELD ROAD

by Elsie Park Gowan

I WAS a little nervous, that summer afternoon in London, when my husband and I pointed our small car through Bayswater towards the Paddington Canal. We were on our way to have tea with a friend I had not seen for twenty years, when we were students at the University of Alberta. Phyllis Hart was an English girl, whose home at that time had been in Calgary. But sixteen years ago, Phyllis married a young man named Christopher Fry, a poet who wrote plays.

Spending an afternoon with Christopher Fry, in the summer of 1951, was a little like being invited to share a cup of sack with Will Shakespeare, when *his* star was rising over the Globe Theatre.

The car turned up Blomfield Road, and there was the Grand Union Canal, a lovely little stretch of water with trees bending over it and a flotilla of ducks in full sail. This district is London's "Little Venice." Barges chuff up and down the canal, and the dim roar of trains in Paddington Station sounds like the ocean away off.

In the turquoise-painted doorway of her tall Victorian house, my friend and I looked at each other in frank curiosity. I saw the same girl, but streamlined. Her brown-gold hair was done severely in a psyche knot; her white blouse and grey skirt were London tailored. Phyllis Fry of 1951 was a poised and distinguished woman.

IN WHAT used to be the drawing room, we met Christopher Fry, a sturdy man of middle height with a brown face, very lively brown eyes, and a manner of quiet, friendly simplicity.

He was reading the manuscript of "To the Island," a new play by another English poet, Stephen Spender. We said we had seen the first night of "To the Island" at the Oxford Playhouse, and immediately Kit wanted to know how it came across on the stage. (By this time we were calling him Kit.) It was part of his charm that I felt he asked our Canadian opinion with honest respect for our judgment.

If you have heard one of Christopher Fry's plays, you know that the man loves the flamboyant beauty of words; and you know that in his writing, laughter is never very far away. A visitor might wonder if flamboyant beauty and a sense of fun would be reflected in the kind of home the Frys have made for themselves.

I knew that in the lean years, these two had lived happily in their Oxfordshire stone cottage. Now that success has come, they have thoroughly enjoyed furnishing a London house.

The chairs we sat on were Victorian in shape, done in needlepoint; and not only needlepoint, heaven help us, but covered with tiny glass beads, so they glittered in innocent, fantastic glory. In the dining room was a piece of black carpet, brave with large, eye-smiting red and yellow flowers. (I had seen the mate to that carpet, displayed as one of Britain's treasures, in the Victoria and Albert Museum.) Just beyond Fry's carpet stood a harp, six feet tall. I cannot remember being told that anyone played on it.

The stairs in that house are steep, but it was worth climbing them to see the Venetian bed, with four gilded bed-posts. Facing it was a large antique painting of a Moorish boy, whom we decided was Othello at the age of twelve. In his study on the third floor, Kit showed us the tropical fish, swimming in their brilliant, silent world. We noticed that one wall of this room is papered in a design showing Mr. Pickwick and his friends. Then we went down to have tea in the back garden, where the garden furniture is wrought iron in lyrical curlicues, painted a dazzling white.

Does all this seem like the background for a poet who rejoices in richly-patterned language? Here is a mind that rejects what is dull, uniform, conventional; a mind that delights in difference and variety. In the Fry household, modern invention is kept in its place. For music, a first-rate radio phonograph is built into the window-seat. And in front of it stands the harp; the harp, for *fun*.

Our hosts walked out to the car with us when we left. Across the canal, the houses of Warwick Terrace were a little grey and shabby in the evening light. In the last house of all, Kit told us, Robert Browning had lived after he came home from Italy. "And how strange," Kit's smile seemed to say, "that the Grand Union Canal should be the nesting place for ducks and English poets."

That is how I remember him. The quizzical smile acknowledges existence as a fantastic predicament. Behind the smile, there is courage to accept life in a more agonizing century than the great Victorians ever knew. In his own words:

> "Thank God our time is now, when wrong
> Comes up to meet us everywhere,
> Never to leave us till we take
> The longest stride of soul men ever took" . . .

We drove away down the Blomfield Road, and back to Bayswater. But now, when I feel a little short on courage myself, I am glad to remember the day I met this man of good heart, the Quaker poet, Christopher Fry.

(Editor's note: Jupiter Theatre in Toronto and Canadian Repertory Theatre in Ottawa have broken attendance records with their presentations of Fry's "The Lady's Not for Burning". Evidently Canadian audiences are ready to take to Fry's poetry and robust humor, especially when backed by topnotch acting.)

BRAIN-TEASER

PRETTY STIFF!

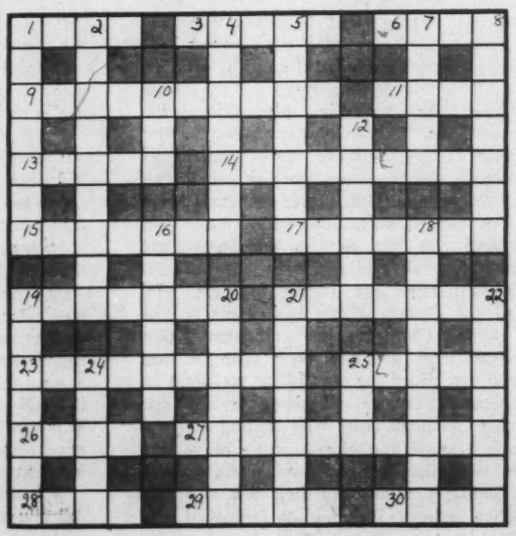
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. 6, 28, 3. Naturally there are in the cemetery. (4, 4, 4, 5)
3. See 1 across.
6. 1 down and 22. Usual reason why "whodunits" produce a second corpse? (4, 3, 4, 2, 5)
6 and 2. Counting the bodies? (4, 9)
6 and 4. DEAD? (4, 7)
9. See 29.
11. Wild oats in the porch? (4)
12. Raise the spirits? (5)
14. Bump off. (9)
15. Quite a change for toilers! (7)
17. Died from loss of breath? (7)
19. Tree a dog would like, by the sound of it. (7)
21. The Sleeping Beauty showed us how to. (5, 2)
23. Its skin is 29, 25 down, perhaps. (9)
25. A smoked herring with no tail is swell. (5)
26. Vivacity of a melancholy character? (4)
27. Gargantuan offspring. (10)
28. See 1 across.
29 and 9. Heck! Mention it if you've just made it. (2, 3, 4, 2, 4)
29 and 25 down. To let out a secret, the cat must first be here. (2, 3, 3)
30. He ruled over Suez. (4)

DOWN

1. 2, 4. See 6.
5. She used allure to anger, the old bat! (7)
7. Make it, to keep an extravagant wife in correct form. (5)
8. Finish of a life sentence? (4, 3)
10. We take nothing to our creditors. (3)
12. Hood has a simple rhyme for it. (6)
16. One hug is not always this for the lovesick. (6)
18. Copy the rabbits, perhaps. (9)
19. "When I am 6, my . . . . .
Sing no sad songs for me". (C. G. Rossetti) (7)
20. To do this, one must leave tracks. (7)
21. Elastic jail term? (7)
22. See 6.
24. Put a nail up for it to twine over. (5)
25. See 29.



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Posts
4. See 1 down
9. Avarice
10. Clarion
11. Net
12 and 32. Fleur-de-lis
13. Spear
14. Keynote
16. Persia
19. Aerate
21. Trisect
25. Houde
26. Wolfe
28. Tor
29. Radiate
30. Derided
31. Duplessis
32. See 12

DOWN

1 and 4 across. Plains of Abraham
2. Startle
3. Sniff
4. Overeats
5. Accord
6. Roadsters
7. Heiress
8. Montreal
15. Notre Dame
17. Lathered
18. Preludes
20. Roundup
22. Citadel
23. Sweeps
24. Prades
27. Erred

(346)

ENTERTAINING

WE ARE SIX

by Peggy McCulloch

SIX-YEAR-OLDS are Persons in Their Own Right. And so Toronto Simpson's treated them in this year's annual Homemakers' Show. In the aisle of table setting displays there is one selected for her young daughter by Willy Blok Hanson, Javanese dancer now teaching in Toronto. Daughter Christilot was the youngest performer to appear in last year's National Ballet Festival.

The table setting selected was of course dominated by a big cake. Probably the youngsters wouldn't be interested in the fact that the six yellow candles were grouped at one side and not in the traditional circle. But on the other hand, they might. It would be much easier for blowing out purposes.

At each guest's place was a paper-lady favor, made with a lollipop head and the stick as the body. Over the funnel-shaped red stiff-paper underskirt was slipped a lace doily. A garden-party hat was slapped on the head, complete with ribbon streamers. Evidently little boys weren't expected at Christilot's party.

The menu, however, was both sophisticated in tone and hearty. Cranberry cocktail in cocktail glasses, roast chicken with mashed potatoes, cauliflower and peas, melba toast, ice cream and the birthday cake. A flat note, milk for beverage.

Other social events were featured, too. Skater Marilyn Ruth Take was married on the day the Show opened and her ideal table setting was for afternoon tea, to entertain her well-wishers. The setting was, of course, in bridal motif. And soprano Lois Marshall, who has been causing such a furore in music circles after her Naumberg Town Hall recital in New York, chose a buffet supper setting.

THEY NEVER RAIN BUT POUR

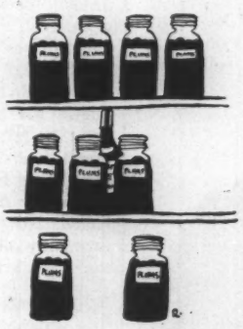
Too Many Bridal Showers?

by Sybil Young

AS CHILDREN we were once told the initials "RSVP" on the bottom of an invitation meant "Remember, send valuable present".

After the deluge of a season of bridal showers I am beginning to think there might have been some truth in that cynical observation.

In essential, the bridal shower is one of our most charming customs. But how far has it strayed from its simple, sincere beginnings? From a spontaneous party where a few personal friends presented gifts the bridal shower is in danger of growing into a series of organized get-togethers where the entrance fee is an expensive present, and failure to comply carries the worst stigma in our social system—an admission of being unable to keep up with the Joneses.



While there are, of course, brides-to-be with a very large circle of acquaintances, some shower parties seem to be conducted on the chain-letter system. You start with a circle of friends and proceed through friends of friends and cousins of cousins in ever-increasing circles. And by a series of stratagems, the popular bride becomes the proud possessor of complete sets of stainless-steel kitchen ware, sheets and towels, china, lingerie and glassware, much of it donated at considerable expense by very slight acquaintances.

To avoid duplication it is obviously necessary that guests are told what kind of shower it is to be, and they then often discuss among themselves what they intend to bring. But this, and the thought of having their gifts passed round for public appraisal, acts on most women like an auction sale. Many spend far more than they can afford because their pride will not allow an inferior present to be put on show.

The shower party ritual is, admittedly, calculated to put the spoke in any display of spontaneity. On arriving at the house you hand over your gift rather as you present an entrance fee, and these are piled up or placed in a large basket—each elegantly wrapped and looking very gay. There is then either the straightforward presentation of the bride-to-be, or a little game of make-believe (difficult to carry out without coyness) where she has to be fetched to the shower. Surprise, surprise! How clever of her not to have guessed! Seldom is the lucky girl to be found having just washed her hair or painting the cellar. She arrives post haste in a party frock and coos her amazement and delight.

She had better be good at this, because she has to express rapturous astonishment at finding a party in her honor, delighted incredulity at seeing a pile of presents, and as each one is unwrapped she runs the gamut of superlatives, little ooh's and aah's and "Just what I wanted", "How clever of you", and "O, isn't this just cute!"

Each gift is handed round to the waiting guests, who murmur appreciatively, estimate the cost, and mentally thank their lucky stars they spent that extra two dollars so that their gift came up to the general standard.

And finally you can all relax and the grateful bride drowns her superlatives in coffee and cookies.

The real unfairness begins when the same people are asked to several showers for the same bride. This is wearing the firmest friendship a little thin, but unfortunately few women have the strength of character to refuse such invitations and must suffer for their social consciences.

I'm not suggesting for a moment that we abandon shower parties. Let's keep our pleasant custom of bridal showers by all means, but do let us beware of over-doing them. A little simplification, more sincerity, and more attention to the old cliché about it not being the gift but the thought behind it, would allay any cynical people's suspicions about such parties becoming a racket.

Unfortunately, an invitation to a shower is not an automatic invitation to the wedding, and if you are invited, another gift will be required—also placed on display. However, an advantage of the shower is that if you do go to the wedding it gives you a preview of some of the guests, and if you know very few people there you can gravitate towards the ones you met at the shower party.

Socially, these parties certainly enlarge your circle of acquaintances and you can never know too many people. It's a good thing to remember them all . . . one day you might invite them to a shower of your own.

■ History was made recently in York County, Ont.—woman-kind history, when Mrs. Dorothy Hague became Reeve of Swansea. She's Swansea's first woman reeve and the first woman reeve in York County. And to add to the distinction, she went in by acclamation. Mrs. Hague knows her politics too. She's been Deputy Reeve for three years and before that served as Councillor; for 15 years she was on Swansea Public School Board. A graduate of the University of Toronto, she was a teacher herself before her marriage.

■ New Principal of Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont., is Mrs. Steele Sifton, who will assume her duties next July. She has been Dean there since 1951 and before her marriage was Dean of Women at Regina College. She is a graduate of the universities of Toronto and of Saskatchewan, and specialized in French in the U.S. and in France.

■ Re-elected President of the Edmonton Art Club was Mrs. Dorothy Galloway.

■ Golfer Marlene Stewart of Fonthill, Ont., placed eighth in the Tampa (U.S.) Women's Golf Tournament, playing against seasoned professionals. She was recently voted for the second year in a row, Canada's outstanding woman athlete.

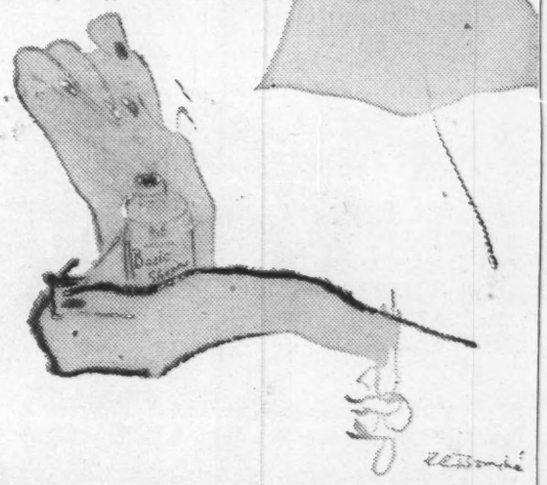
■ Torontonian Phoebe MacKellar gave a recital at the English-Speaking Union in London, England, at which she presented her own monologue, "Marguerite D'Youville" and readings from Canadian poets, including Katherine Hale and Doris Hedges.

Elizabeth Arden
creates...

A Superb Make-up Foundation

Basic Sheen

for the young luminous look



A new flowing Foundation which gives your skin instantly the polished lustre . . . the moist, dew-pearled sheen that is pure shining enchantment! Use it under your powder—just a little Basic Sheen gives your face a glowing young look!

In radiant shades to complement every complexion.

BASIC SHEEN $6.00

BASIC SHEEN with hormones, $7.75
(for the maturing thirties)

Elizabeth Arden
SIMPSON'S, TORONTO
And At Smartest Shops In Every Town

How Many Moods Have You? Sweet, or sophisticated, you'll love the poised, well-planned beauty of the new millinery for Spring. Whatever your whim you'll find beautiful hats for a thousand moods in the exciting new collection at Eaton's.

EATON'S ... CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION ... STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

FOR A HOSPITAL

Campaign Gift

by Janet Howat

I LOVE the retort of the family doctor to the medical graduate who confided that he was specializing on the nose. "Which nostril?" snorted the oldster. But specialist or general practitioner, doctors are too often regarded as mere standard community equipment. We don't mind routing them out at 2 a.m., but we don't corner a luncheon or cocktail conversation to sing their praises. We prefer to discuss our own symptoms and sinus.

But Mrs. Marjorie ("Midge") Sparks of Toronto found a practical way of expressing her gratitude to her doctor—a gift of one of her paintings to the Women's College Hospital, to be auctioned off in their campaign for funds. "Because my doctor was so wonderful," she explains. And she had time to find out—three years in the hospital and seven operations.

She hadn't painted before she came out of the hospital some three years ago. She felt she needed some recreational diversion and there was an art class being held as a community project at the nearby school. So she enrolled. Now she's selling landscapes, especially oils based on a snapshot of the buyer's favorite haunt.

YOU don't have to travel to do landscapes, Mrs. Sparks discovered. You go to the Reference Library. Suppose you're working, as she is at the moment, on shrimp boats in a Florida harbor. She has a snapshot to follow and the Library provides her with a folder of colored pictures of all types of Florida boats, Florida foliage, Florida skies, etc.

Mrs. Sparks did a series of sail boats for a yachting addict and in the process, by pictures and books, practically learned how to steer and rig a craft. She has found painting quite an extra-mural education.

The painting Mr. Sparks presented to the Women's College Hospital is a Revelstoke Park (BC) landscape. It's a personal and individual gift to help the Hospital raise the funds it needs. Another personal salute to a great doctor is the $1,900 cheque which the Quota Club of Toronto presented to the Hospital in memory of a former President, the late Dr. Marion Kerr, for many years the Hospital's chief surgeon.

■ Mrs. Charles Smith of Windsor can claim to be Ontario's first woman member of a jury, although she actually didn't serve. The case was postponed for a very feminine reason. The principal Crown witness had given birth to a baby and wasn't able to appear in court. But Mrs. Smith was on hand when her name was called for jury duty and she spent a few minutes in the jury box while the case was being adjourned. So she earned her "first" title.

■ Best one-acter in the Eastern Ontario Drama Festival was won by "Rise and Shine", an original prize-winning play by Mrs. Elda Cadogan of Durham, Ont.

LIGHTER SIDE

"My Regards to Uncle Joe"

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"WHAT are you doing to promote the position of the ambitious young artist in Canada?" Miss A. asked me recently when I dropped in to her apartment for tea.

"Plenty," I said. "Last night for instance I sat for two hours in a cold hall on one of those hard little chairs they rent from the local undertaker waiting for a six-year-old to come on as Cowslip in a school version of 'Midsummer Night's Dream'."

Miss A. shook her head. "That's not the sort of thing I mean. Have you for example done anything to implement the Massey report? Are you giving all the assistance possible to the cultivation of our folk-arts—dancing, painting, song and poetry?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "I know you and the Massey Commission won't agree with me but I don't believe you can create a national culture by pulling yourself up by your grass-roots."

"You're quite wrong," Miss A. said, and picking up a pamphlet she began to read aloud.

"'No novelist, poet, short-story writer, historian or writer of non-technical books can make even a modestly comfortable living in Canada . . . No composer of music can live at all on what Canada pays him for his compositions. Apart from radio drama, no playwright and only a few actors and producers can live by working in the theatre in Canada . . .'"

She put the pamphlet down and wiped her glasses which had become a little fogged. "What is the answer to these problems?" she demanded.

"King or Chaos," suggested Rudyard the parrot, waking from a light doze. He seemed to reflect on this for a moment, then he said, "Ha, ha, ha!" and went back to sleep again.

"I FEEL very strongly," Miss A. said, "that it is both the duty and the privilege of people like ourselves, who are without talent, to foster the ambitions of those fortunate enough to possess it. For this reason I have persuaded our Ladies' Needlework Guild to join in a series of conferences devoted to the needs of young Canadian talent. Would you be interested?"

I shook my head. "I have a funny feeling about talent," I said. "If it's there it's bound to show up, like a crocus in the spring. And if it isn't there is very little that the Ladies' Needlework Guild can do about it."

"Give my regards to Uncle Joe," said Rudyard, swinging vigorously on his movable perch.

"I don't know where he picked that up," Miss A. said, "there isn't any Uncle Joe in our family."

"Anyway you're missing the point," she went on. "How is our youthful Canadian talent to flourish and contribute to our civilization if it can't find a market?"

She looked so distressed that I went over and patted her shoulder. "Don't take it so hard," I said. "If they're good enough, they'll probably find a market some time. And if they aren't they can always take up steam-fitting, which is also a contribution to our civilization."

Miss A. refused to respond to my pattings. "You don't seem to realize," she said, "that we are living in a cultural wilderness. Who is to lead us out of it except our youthful Canadian artists?"

"AH WELL that's different," I said. "If they're really going to lead us out of it, I'd be very glad to help make up a party and go along."

"In other words, you would be willing to help supply the incentives, encouragements and rewards?" Miss A. asked.

I considered. "Why?" I inquired.

"Because otherwise, what are they going to write *about?*" Miss A. demanded. "Who are they going to paint *for?*"

I had a sudden inspiration. "They will paint the Thing as they see it," I said, "For the God of Things as They Are. The Massey Commission would surely approve of that."

"And only the Masseys shall praise it," said Rudyard, dancing excitedly on his perch. "And only the Masseys shall blame."

"Why he knows that too!" I cried delighted.

"I know," Miss A. said. "I taught it to him."

"'And no one shall work for money,'" I finished triumphantly. "'And no one shall work for fame.' There you have the whole Canadian cultural situation in a nutshell. And by your favorite poet too!"

Just as I was leaving I had a sudden thought. "Look, let me see that pamphlet you were quoting from," I said.

She handed me the pamphlet, and I glanced over it. "Good Heavens! This comes from that Communist front that was in all the papers a couple of weeks ago. If you don't believe me, I can even show you the clippings."

I have seldom seen Miss A. more shaken. She sat down, looking haggard.

"You're going to feel pretty silly explaining this to the Ladies' Needlework Guild," I said severely, and added, relenting a little, "still, look at the list of sponsors. Think of all the distinguished local citizens who are probably feeling silly along with you."

"I'm thinking of our frustrated unappreciated Canadian artists," she said. "What am I to tell them?"

"Tell them not to be cry-babies," I said briskly. "Tell them that for every native cry-baby there is always a loyal member of the Party ready to lend a shoulder to be cried on."

TWO OFFICES
Under same Canadian Management
TORONTO - LONDON (Eng.)
AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL EUROPEAN CITIES

Travel to and in Europe
...the way you wish

ASK FOR COPY OF

☐ "CONDUCTED TOURS"
Giving a wide variety of itineraries leaving at frequent intervals by ship or air.

☐ "INDEPENDENT TRAVEL"
Suggestions for flexible travel planned to suit your time and personal preferences.

SPECIALIZING IN EUROPEAN TRAVEL SINCE 1926

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL CLUB
57 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO Management: J. F. and G. H. LUCAS
Kingsdale 6984

Send for your FREE copy today

Our BIG 1953 SEED and NURSERY BOOK Best Ever!

148 Illustrated Pages
20 pages in full color

● Presented by Canada's largest mail order seed and nursery house. You will enjoy this friendly and informative book, cover to cover. It describes nearly 2000 subjects for your garden including many new and special items like Hybrid Tomatoes, Hybrid Cucumbers, Hybrid Onions, Blue Leaf Arctic Hedge, Rosa Multiflora seed and plants, Multiflowered Sweet Peas, Astolat Pink Series Delphiniums, Dwarf Fruits, 6-in-1 Multiple Apples, new Soil Conditioners, Midget Vegetables for small gardens, and all the best in other vegetables, flower and houseplant seeds, plants, bulbs and supplies to make your 1953 garden the finest you have ever had. Send today.

24W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN . . . ONTARIO

Anytime is the right time to serve MARTELL

The finer taste and bouquet of
MARTELL Cognac BRANDY
may be enjoyed in so many different ways

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM COGNAC, FRANCE

How Many Moods Have You? Sweet, or sophisticated, you'll love the poised, well-planned beauty of the new millinery for Spring. Whatever your whim you'll find beautiful hats for a thousand moods in the exciting new collection at Eaton's.

EATON'S ... CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION ... STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

FOR A HOSPITAL

Campaign Gift

by Janet Howat

I LOVE the retort of the family doctor to the medical graduate who confided that he was specializing on the nose. "Which nostril?" snorted the oldster. But specialist or general practitioner, doctors are too often regarded as mere standard community equipment. We don't mind routing them out at 2 a.m., but we don't corner a luncheon or cocktail conversation to sing their praises. We prefer to discuss our own symptoms and sinus.

But Mrs. Marjorie ("Midge") Sparks of Toronto found a practical way of expressing her gratitude to her doctor—a gift of one of her paintings to the Women's College Hospital, to be auctioned off in their campaign for funds. "Because my doctor was so wonderful," she explains. And she had time to find out—three years in the hospital and seven operations.

She hadn't painted before she came out of the hospital some three years ago. She felt she needed some recreational diversion and there was an art class being held as a community project at the nearby school. So she enrolled. Now she's selling landscapes, especially oils based on a snapshot of the buyer's favorite haunt.

YOU don't have to travel to do landscapes, Mrs. Sparks discovered. You go to the Reference Library. Suppose you're working, as she is at the moment, on shrimp boats in a Florida harbor. She has a snapshot to follow and the Library provides her with a folder of colored pictures of all types of Florida boats, Florida foliage, Florida skies, etc.

Mrs. Sparks did a series of sail boats for a yachting addict and in the process, by pictures and books, practically learned how to steer and rig a craft. She has found painting quite an extra-mural education.

The painting Mr. Sparks presented to the Women's College Hospital is a Revelstoke Park (BC) landscape. It's a personal and individual gift to help the Hospital raise the funds it needs. Another personal salute to a great doctor is the $1,900 cheque which the Quota Club of Toronto presented to the Hospital in memory of a former President, the late Dr. Marion Kerr, for many years the Hospital's chief surgeon.

■ Mrs. Charles Smith of Windsor can claim to be Ontario's first woman member of a jury, although she actually didn't serve. The case was postponed for a very feminine reason. The principal Crown witness had given birth to a baby and wasn't able to appear in court. But Mrs. Smith was on hand when her name was called for jury duty and she spent a few minutes in the jury box while the case was being adjourned. So she earned her "first" title.

■ Best one-acter in the Eastern Ontario Drama Festival was won by "Rise and Shine", an original prize-winning play by Mrs. Elda Cadogan of Durham, Ont.

LIGHTER SIDE

"My Regards to Uncle Joe"

by **Mary Lowrey Ross**

"WHAT are you doing to promote the position of the ambitious young artist in Canada?" Miss A. asked me recently when I dropped in to her apartment for tea.

"Plenty," I said. "Last night for instance I sat for two hours in a cold hall on one of those hard little chairs they rent from the local undertaker waiting for a six-year-old to come on as Cowslip in a school version of 'Midsummer Night's Dream'."

Miss A. shook her head. "That's not the sort of thing I mean. Have you for example done anything to implement the Massey report? Are you giving all the assistance possible to the cultivation of our folk-arts—dancing, painting, song and poetry?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "I know you and the Massey Commission won't agree with me but I don't believe you can create a national culture by pulling yourself up by your grass-roots."

"You're quite wrong," Miss A. said, and picking up a pamphlet she began to read aloud.

"'No novelist, poet, short-story writer, historian or writer of non-technical books can make even a modestly comfortable living in Canada . . . No composer of music can live at all on what Canada pays him for his compositions. Apart from radio drama, no playwright and only a few actors and producers can live by working in the theatre in Canada . . .'"

She put the pamphlet down and wiped her glasses which had become a little fogged. "What is the answer to these problems?" she demanded.

"King or Chaos," suggested Rudyard the parrot, waking from a light doze. He seemed to reflect on this for a moment, then he said, "Ha, ha, ha!" and went back to sleep again.

"I FEEL very strongly," Miss A. said, "that it is both the duty and the privilege of people like ourselves, who are without talent, to foster the ambitions of those fortunate enough to possess it. For this reason I have persuaded our Ladies' Needlework Guild to join in a series of conferences devoted to the needs of young Canadian talent. Would you be interested?"

I shook my head. "I have a funny feeling about talent," I said. "If it's there it's bound to show up, like a crocus in the spring. And if it isn't there is very little that the Ladies' Needlework Guild can do about it."

"Give my regards to Uncle Joe," said Rudyard, swinging vigorously on his movable perch.

"I don't know where he picked that up," Miss A. said, "there isn't any Uncle Joe in our family."

"Anyway you're missing the point," she went on. "How is our youthful Canadian talent to flourish and contribute to our civilization if it can't find a market?"

She looked so distressed that I went over and patted her shoulder. "Don't take it so hard," I said. "If they're good enough, they'll probably find a market some time. And if they aren't they can always take up steam-fitting, which is also a contribution to our civilization."

Miss A. refused to respond to my pattings. "You don't seem to realize," she said, "that we are living in a cultural wilderness. Who is to lead us out of it except our youthful Canadian artists?"

"AH WELL that's different," I said. "If they're really going to lead us out of it, I'd be very glad to help make up a party and go along."

"In other words, you would be willing to help supply the incentives, encouragements and rewards?" Miss A. asked.

I considered. "Why?" I inquired.

"Because otherwise, what are they going to write *about?*" Miss A. demanded. "Who are they going to paint *for*?"

I had a sudden inspiration. "They will paint the Thing as they see it," I said, "For the God of Things as They Are. The Massey Commission would surely approve of that."

"And only the Masseys shall praise it," said Rudyard, dancing excitedly on his perch. "And only the Masseys shall blame."

"Why he knows that too!" I cried delighted.

"I know," Miss A. said. "I taught it to him."

"'And no one shall work for money,'" I finished triumphantly. "'And no one shall work for fame.' There you have the whole Canadian cultural situation in a nutshell. And by your favorite poet too!"

Just as I was leaving I had a sudden thought. "Look, let me see that pamphlet you were quoting from," I said.

She handed me the pamphlet, and I glanced over it. "Good Heavens! This comes from that Communist front that was in all the papers a couple of weeks ago. If you don't believe me, I can even show you the clippings."

I have seldom seen Miss A. more shaken. She sat down, looking haggard.

"You're going to feel pretty silly explaining this to the Ladies' Needlework Guild," I said severely, and added, relenting a little, "still, look at the list of sponsors. Think of all the distinguished local citizens who are probably feeling silly along with you."

"I'm thinking of our frustrated unappreciated Canadian artists," she said. "What am I to tell them?"

"Tell them not to be cry-babies," I said briskly. "Tell them that for every native cry-baby there is always a loyal member of the Party ready to lend a shoulder to be cried on."

TWO OFFICES
Under same Canadian Management
TORONTO - LONDON (Eng.)
AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL EUROPEAN CITIES

Travel to and in *Europe*
...the way you wish

ASK FOR COPY OF

☐ "CONDUCTED TOURS"
Giving a wide variety of itineraries leaving at frequent intervals by ship or air.

☐ "INDEPENDENT TRAVEL"
Suggestions for flexible travel planned to suit your time and personal preferences.

SPECIALIZING IN EUROPEAN TRAVEL SINCE 1926

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL CLUB
57 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO Management: J. F. and G. H. LUCAS
Kingsdale 6984

Send for your FREE copy today

Our BIG 1953 SEED and NURSERY BOOK Best Ever!

148 Illustrated Pages
20 pages in full color

● Presented by Canada's largest mail order seed and nursery house. You will enjoy this friendly and informative book, cover to cover. It describes nearly 2000 subjects for your garden including many new and special items like Hybrid Tomatoes, Hybrid Cucumbers, Hybrid Onions, Blue Leaf Arctic Hedge, Rosa Multiflora seed and plants, Multiflowered Sweet Peas, Astolat Pink Series Delphiniums, Dwarf Fruits, 6-in-1 Multiple Apples, new Soil Conditioners, Midget Vegetables for small gardens, and all the best in other vegetables, flower and houseplant seeds, plants, bulbs and supplies to make your 1953 garden the finest you have ever had. Send today.

24W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN . . . ONTARIO

Anytime is the right time to serve MARTELL

The finer taste and bouquet of
MARTELL
Cognac BRANDY
may be enjoyed in so many different ways

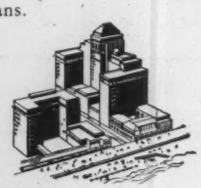
IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM COGNAC, FRANCE

WEARY OF WINTER?

Then come here and relax in an atmosphere of traditional hospitality and temperate ocean-side weather.

Loll on spacious sun decks, breathe the tangy salt air breeze. Spend days spiced with fun—everything's here, from golf to indoor games. Dine in the beautiful Peacock Room. Stroll our famous boardwalk and beach. Enjoy our health baths and the salt water baths every room affords. Dancing, concerts. This endless variety of activities is within the hotel or just steps away.

Spend a memorable holiday at this famous beachfront hotel. American and European Plans.



CANADIAN OFFICES:
Suite 2224, 44 King Street West
Toronto, Ontario
Telephone: Empire 6-4636

Call your local travel agent or write direct

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Atlantic City's oldest hotel firm
LEEDS & LIPPINCOTT CO.
63 years in the hotel business

FULL COLOR GUIDE TO GARDENING!

Thirty-two pages crammed with suggestions for beautiful, luxuriant gardens. See the 1953 All-American Top Award Winner, ALYSSUM ROYAL CARPET, drifts of vibrant purple color—The lovely ZINNIA PERSIAN CARPET—The delicate PINK DELPHINIUMS—All featured in the 1953 Royal Purple Guide To Gardening! It is yours for the asking, FREE. Write to Dept. 55

W. A. JENKINS MFG. CO. LTD.
LONDON ONTARIO

7 services in one

PLANS • LAYOUT
COPY • ART
PHOTOGRAPHY
PRODUCTION
MAILING

saturday night press
71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

PORTS OF CALL

For "Roughing It" With Luxury

by James Reinhold

—Photos courtesy Santa Fe Railway

A MORNING RIDE FROM THUNDERBIRD RANCH, PALM SPRINGS

"MORE for your money" is the slogan this year at the Southwestern dude ranches of Arizona, Southern California and New Mexico catering to the winter vacationist.

For as little as $70 to $75 a week and up, single, the winter "dude" can buy a full program of rest and relaxation at most desert and mountain playgrounds in these three states, including all the "extras."

That means comfortable accommodations in bungalows or large guest houses, tasty meals, a horse to ride, use of a swimming pool and other sports facilities, as well as bonuses ranging from chuckwagon picnics and steak fries to square dancing and rodeos.

Arizona leads in number and variety of winter ranches, particularly in the Phoenix and Wickenburg areas and in the Oak Creek Canyon and Verde Valley territory near Flagstaff and Prescott.

California dude ranches centre around beautiful Apple Valley and Lucerne Valley, reached through Victorville, the Palm Springs area, certain desert hot-springs points, coastal territory around San Diego and the Santa Ynez Valley near Santa Barbara.

WINTER vacationists to New Mexico can find dude fun around Santa Fe, Taos and Roswell.

Dude ranches are of two general types. First and foremost is the working ranch, usually consisting of several thousand acres of rolling grassland. Here the "dude" brings in some of the revenue, but most income is provided by raising and selling herds of registered cattle. Ranches in this category are plentiful in Arizona. Southern California's biggest is Alisal in the Santa Ynez Valley.

Then there is the resort ranch, where the dude is the principal source of finances, and cowboys, cattle and other western fixtures are only part of the show.

Adventure seekers prefer the working ranch, where the guest rises early to breakfast on steak, fried potatoes and coffee, then slings his gear on a horse and by sunrise is out exploring abandoned gold mines in the mountains or prehistoric Indian ruins in the desert.

If the dude wants to follow the regular ranch routine, he may set out after breakfast with the ranch hands to do the chores, caring for the string of saddle horses and pack animals, riding herd, branding calves and dosing cattle for any ailment they may have.

During roundup time, he is taught to rope and brand the stock if he wants to learn. And if he is the athletic type, they'll even give him a whirl at breaking colts. He can also learn to shoot a six-gun or the short-barrelled carbine which most cowpokes carry to guard the herds against four-footed marauders.

When he craves more excitement, he can go hunting—not for anything as tame as deer or turkey, but for real wild game like mountain lions, wildcats, coyotes and sometimes bears.

The vacationist who wants to "rough it in luxury" usually chooses the swank resort ranch, with its lush furnishings and less strenuous routine. Interested in loafing, he may sleep until noon and then enjoy breakfast and the morning paper in bed. He whiles away the afternoon playing canasta and gin rummy while acquiring a sun tan beside an azure swimming pool, and in the evening takes a whirl at the night clubs.

PALMS AND CACTUS AT THE CAMELBACK INN, NEAR PHOENIX.

HIS VACATION ranch is chosen closer to civilization, perhaps in the Phoenix vicinity or in Southern California. Any of the ranches in the latter area would appeal to him because of their location within easy driving distance of the bright lights of Hollywood and the scenic Pacific beaches.

But wherever the "dude" goes, he will find the same informality of dress—levis, loud shirts, cotton dresses, sportswear—and recreation for everyone.

Many dude-ranch activities are planned especially for wives and children. There are tours to Indian villages, exploration trips to cliff dwellings and other prehistoric ruins and visits to National Parks and other monuments close by. Excellent rodeos also are presented at the larger layouts, particularly around Wickenburg.

Evenings are devoted principally to events in which the entire family can participate—square dancing, barbecues, steak fries, etc.

Professional Culture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

from the Bureau of Statistics. Our professional cultivators are as dexterous as the next man with an expense account. No industry in the land has any more men "on the road" regularly than Culture. Asked point blank, a manager of one of our large railway hotels admitted that he gets as much steady business from the promoters of culture as from any other single source. In fact, so many of the professionals are flitting about that it is possible to keep informed at all times of what is happening everywhere on the cultural front.

The boys in the culture game stick together and one of the first marks of the professional is that he knows all the rumor and all the gossip—he really has a sensitive finger on the nation's cultural pulse.

Of course, there are soreheads who resent this and accuse those who have made *our* culture *their* business of being officious know-alls, incompetent, insensitive and a "closed corporation".

The charge that stimulates the most black bile is that the "voluntary bodies" and government agencies have organized our culture to the point where the chances of an individual outside the charmed circle getting a fat job or a prestige appointment are practically non-existent.

IN THE university field, it is said that the Graduate School of the University of Toronto dominates appointments in the humanities. They have made the PhD degree the necessary mark of learning; they influence many scholarship awards made locally or by U.S. and overseas schools, and a Canadian not known to the Toronto leaders in his field of study has a 50 per cent handicap in getting an academic appointment.

A score of young architects assert that only those who toe a definite architectural party-line have any chance of designing any of our new and expensive public buildings. Many competent artists can't get their work past hide-bound juries of major art galleries. By circulating selective lists, organized librarians have a gentle stranglehold on the juvenile books which are bought by libraries all across the country and it is virtually impossible to get a textbook approved for use in our schools unless the author is *persona grata* to a small group of professional educators.

This interlocking cultural directorate which, it is charged, has a strong influence on our schools, colleges, libraries and national radio is now being re-examined by some of the very people who, in the beginning, helped to create it.

Individual creative artists in all fields are wondering if they have made a Frankenstein.

Not so many decades ago the writers, sculptors, painters, teachers *et al* considered themselves the forgotten men. To protect themselves and call attention to their work they began to band together in groups with common interests. They could not foresee that as the cultural field became more fertile the professional organizers and artistic opportunists would move in.

No more could they predict the vast power which government bodies now exert over them. Art galleries and art schools, music festivals and drama festivals, colleges, schools and national radio are generally dependent on some kind of municipal, provincial or federal aid in this country. As things now stand, the printed word is the only media of artistic expression still relatively free from government paternalism. It is axiomatic that publicly-elected bodies like to have nice neat reports from "responsible" organizations to justify a loosening of the public purse-strings. The result, many artists now maintain, is that the professional organizer flourishes and the highly individualistic creator suffers.

AS THE figures continue to show, many of our best creative brains simply give up and leave the country. Others have withdrawn from the organizations they helped to form to fight a lonely, iconoclastic battle for artistic freedom. A few have managed to remain inside the organizations and are putting up a stiff fight against the organizers. Perhaps they lose most.

At any rate, a leading Canadian painter tells me that he now spends so much time working in various organizations to which he belongs that he has little time to paint. Many other writers, sculptors and musicians say the same thing.

These folk are now wondering if the price for "protection" is too high. If the creative artist has to belong to half a dozen "voluntary bodies" (or even pay lip-service to them), if the value of his work is to be assessed by government chartered accountants, if he has to scratch the backs of all the professional purveyors of culture and all their friends, then he is likely to feel that not much room is left for individual initiative.

BUT one thing is certain. There is a great future in organized culture. The Massey Report has approved it, recommended the expenditure of large sums from the public's money to support it and further urges "that a body be created to be known as the Canada Council for the Encouragement of the Arts, Letters, Humanities and Social Sciences to stimulate and to help voluntary organizations in these fields . . ."

Here is the Number One opportunity of Canada's century. If the professional organizers of culture can get control of such a council—and most of the independent artists are sure they will—culture will become one of the ranking professions in the country for ambitious young men.

•

Wanted: Four hard-hitting salesmen. Good commissions. Car essential. I mean salesmen.—*Adv. in Toronto paper.*

How mean?

WE CHOOSE 'WHITE HORSE'!

DON'T JUST SAY 'SCOTCH'— ASK FOR . . .

Estab. 1742

WHITE HORSE
SCOTCH WHISKY

W-322

Available in various sizes

PHOTOGRAPH BY

Where are all the salesclerks? Look again!

Today you can often serve yourself faster and better than someone else can help you—and brand names are the reason!

In many stores where you shop today, you wait on yourself, make your own selections, and never once see a salesclerk!

Or do you?

What about the brand names on the packages? In some ways, they're probably the world's most efficient salesclerks. The better you know them, the more they tell you about what you're buying.

They tell you the maker's name, and often his reputation. They tell you whether you've bought the product before, and whether it gave you satisfaction. Without brand names, you couldn't possibly serve yourself so quickly, so surely, and so satisfactorily.

And the makers, knowing we have our choice of so many excellent brands, such as those advertised in this magazine, constantly compete to offer us newer, better products and values. So name your brand—and better your brand of living!

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
A Non-Profit Educational Foundation